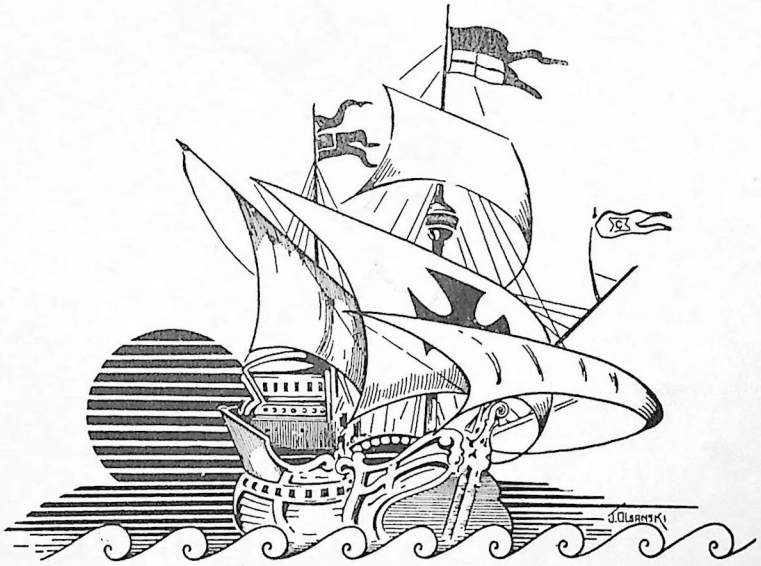
The Argosy



Central High School of Commerce

1933

YB00032

EDUCATIONAL ARCHIVES
HERITAGE CENTRE

Hamilton - Wentworth
District School Board

The Argosy

Volume I. — *1933* — *Number I.*

THE SCHOOL NUMBER

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL *of* COMMERCE

HAMILTON, ONTARIO

YB00032

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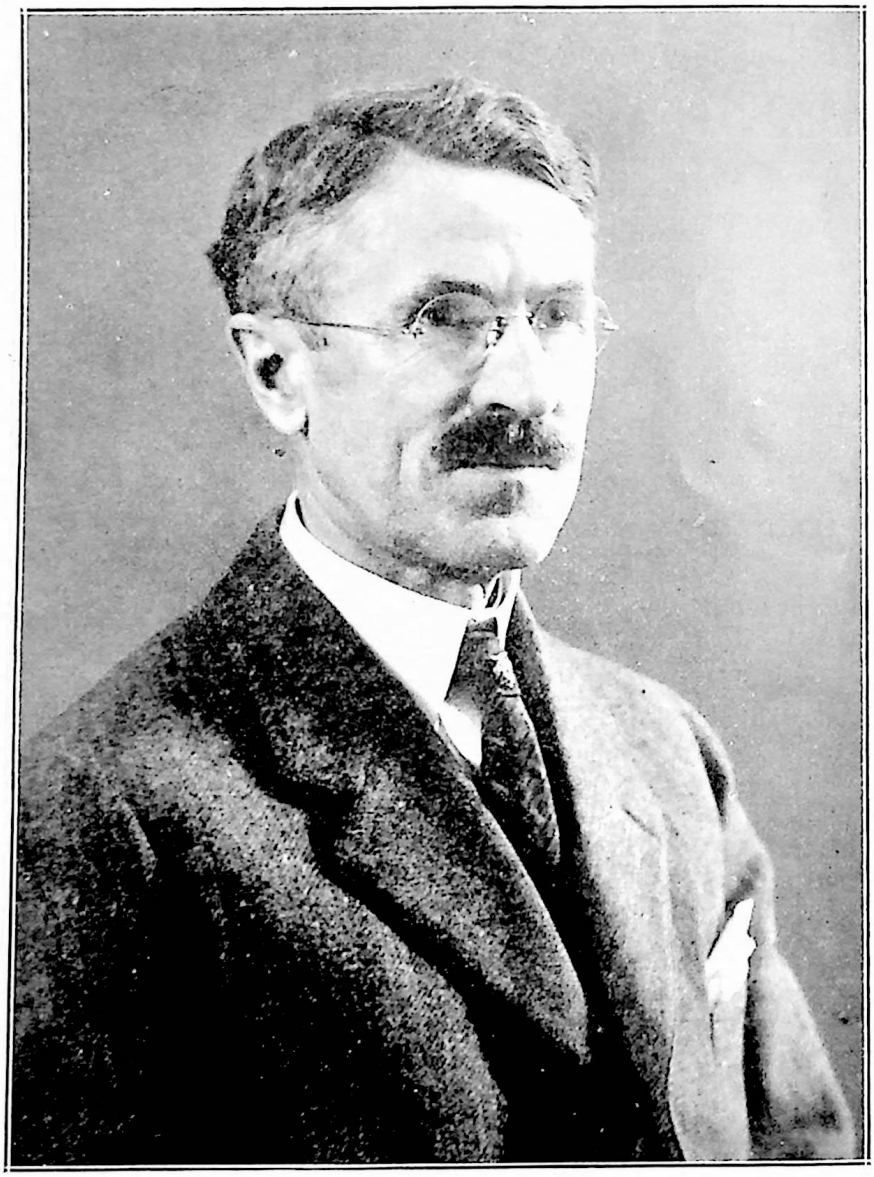


F. G. MILLAR, B.A., B.Paed.

F. G. Millar

FOREWORD

A SCHOOL magazine not only fosters the literary and artistic talent to be found in unexpected abundance in every school, but it builds up that corporate feeling of pride in the institution and what it stands for, "esprit de corps," as the French call it. This is the soul that animates the school and that goes marching on, though generations of pupils come and go. It is the school's personality which leaves its impress on all who enter the portals.

Our task, as teachers and pupils, during the next few years, is to create this "esprit de corps," and to found a tradition which shall be in accord with the motto carved in stone above the door—Honesty, Integrity, Service.

Every student who passes through our school will be an examplar of those virtues if he is loyal to the spirit and motto of the institution.

—F. G. MILLAR, B.A., B.Paed.,

STAFF OF "THE ARGOSY"

EDITOR—Harold Tabb

ASSISTANT EDITOR—Rose Tick

SECRETARY—Ella Ferguson

BUSINESS STAFF

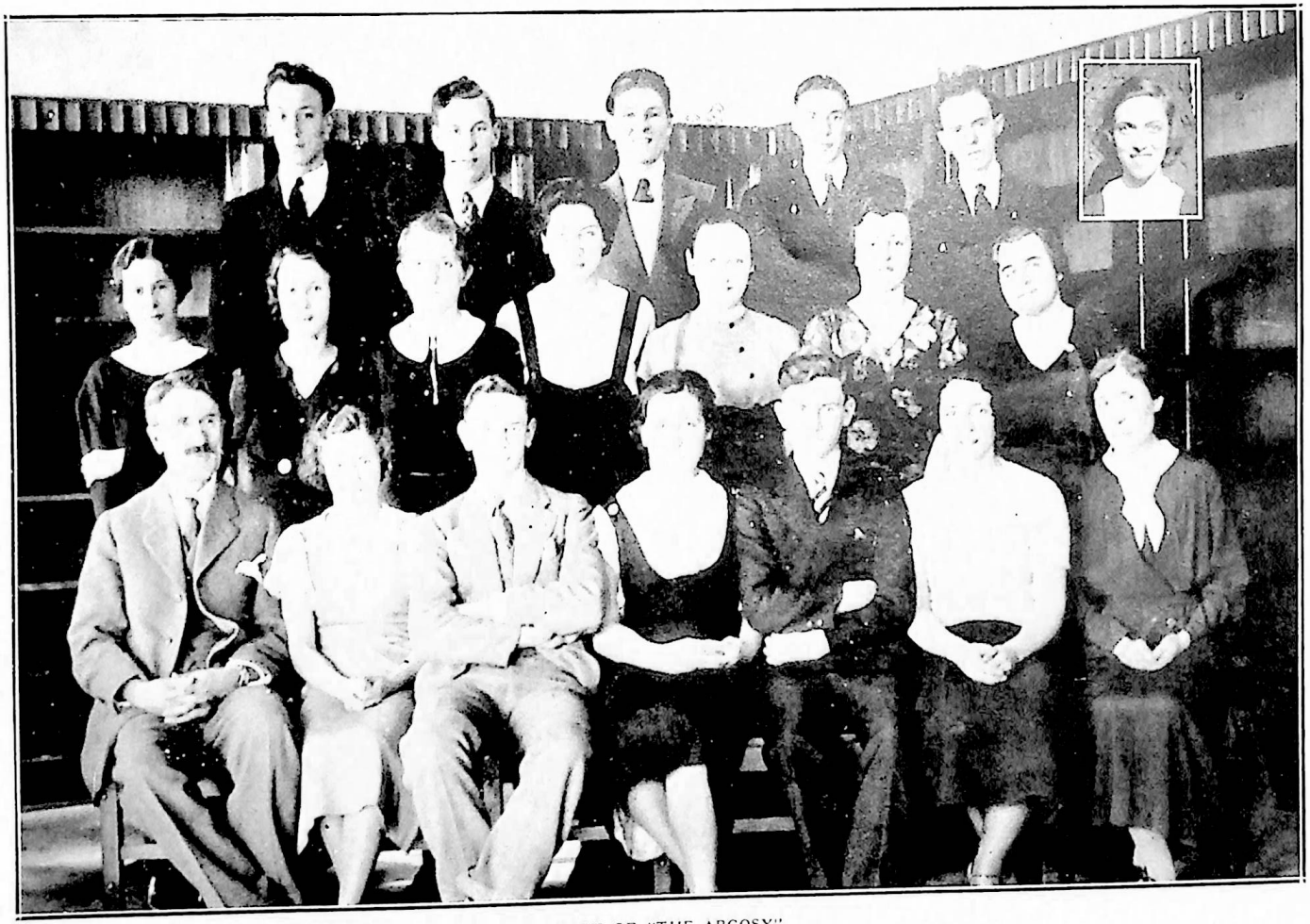
Alumni .....Bette Mellon
Girls' Athletics .....Irene Mullen
Boys' Athletics .....Jim Osier
Debating and Oratorical .....Dorine Smith
Music and Drama .....Joe Olsanski
Social News .....Nora Ashworth
Artists .....Joe Olsanski ,Victor Sansome
Humour .....Jack Connor
Advisory Committee .....Miss Buttrum, Miss French, Miss Dodds
Typists .....Irene Ball, Gertie Crombie

FORM REPRESENTATIVES

Third and Special Forms .....Ethel Hollingsworth
Second Form .....George Smith
First Form .....Grayson Laidlaw

ROOM REPRESENTATIVES

1A	Sara Poltur	2E	Irene Hughes
1B	Audrey Groff	2F	Louis Bowman
1C	Blanche Reyburn	2G	Bernice Grisch
1D	Bob Low	2H	Daisy Coppens
1E	Mary Mayberry	2Y	Phyllis Carroll
1F	Patricia Pemberton	3A	Edna Hewines
1G	Edith Scholnick	3B	Eileen Tutt
1H	Virginia Mosso	3C	Eileen Bolton
1Y	Willard O'Brien	3D	Doris King
2A	Mabel Parker	3E	Mary Day
2B	Audrey Eastwood	1SA	Bert Kay
2C	Ruth Latham	1SB	Eileen Sloan
2D	Lillian Hurst		



STAFF OF "THE ARGOSY"

Top row, left to right—J. Olsanski, J. Osier, G. Laidlaw, V. Sansome, G. Smith. Second row, left to right—Miss French, E. Hollingsworth, I. Ball, D. Smith, G. Crombie, B. Mellon, Miss Dodds. Bottom row, left to right—Mr. Millar, N. Ashworth, J. Connor, E. Ferguson, H. Tabb, I. Mullen, Miss Buttram. Inset—R. Tick.

Dedication

Because this is the first year since the work was organized in the Autumn of 1924 that all our classes have been gathered under one roof;

Because we have a new building of which we are proud;

Because we have an enrolment of 900 students;

Because this is the first publication of any kind;

We humbly dedicate this copy to "Our School," our Principal, and to the hundreds of students, past and present.

EDITORIAL

HAROLD TABB, Editor-in-Chief

NOW the school paper has eventually taken shape, it is an appropriate time to let the student body of Central High School of Commerce know just how this feat was accomplished.

Before any of the students had ever thought of a chronicled report of the noteworthy events of the first school year being published, a few teachers had entertained some slight hope of such a thing happening, and these teachers commenced to gather possible material for a magazine committee.

This was by no means easy, because it was necessary to get people who were particularly suited for certain things, and even for a teacher to note these qualities during a forty-minute period is no easy thing. When the final selection of officers, etc., had been made, the school was notified of the fact that it was to have a school paper by a unique sign drawn by our artist, Joe Olsanski.

Following this formal announcement, the material which has been compiled into a school magazine, gradually seeped into open hands. For some reason or other, the students seemed to fear to bring the material for which the paper staff was anxiously awaiting. Owing to the strict censorship, many of the articles, jokes and editorials have been changed or omitted, but all these changes were for the best, and the paper staff hopes that contributors will not be displeased in the event of a change or omission.

When the stream of incoming material became fairly regular, the matter had to be dealt with from a financial viewpoint. Of course, that was something not to be overlooked. Thus the whole committee were forced, in a literal sense, to arm themselves with the formidable weapons of an advertisement solicitor (contract book, selected list and best salesmanship) and to venture out to try and sell a thing which they perhaps could not even demonstrate—an advertisement!

For a while things looked black, but due to the beauty and personality of the weaker element of the committee, it has succeeded in pulling the fat out of the fire and bringing a number of advertisements to the home of "The Argosy." Even though our financial outlook is by no means assured, the committee is already looking forward to bringing you of the student body a magazine which will commemorate the first year of the existence of the Central High School of Commerce.

PASTIMES

DURING the late Spring and practically all Summer the Canadians on the whole take up a new existence. Even their complexions take on a rather boiled-beet tint due to the warmth of old Sol. Although the heat is supposed to curtail activity, more cars are seen on the various highways at this time than at any other time. Those who lack the luxurious means of travelling afforded

by a car, take the way of Shank's pony, and on Summer evenings they may be seen in or around the various side-roads and parks absorbing as much of the twilight beauty as they can.

The vocations of John Public are divided into various phrases. In Agriculture there are those who use the spade with ample dexterity, and there are those who use the spade-mashie with the same brute strength, but perhaps not with the same ease and poise. One is trying to raise the ground in the endeavor to produce some of our well-known vegetables; the other is raising the earth in somewhat vain attempt to cut down his score.

However, these are not the only vocations of the ideal Jack Canuck. His aquatic ability is not to be overlooked. As a swimmer, diver or sailor, he excels, even to vie with our neighbors to the south. During a summer afternoon a small object may be seen bounding over the merry waves, propelled by a noisy motor, and giving the impression of a toboggan on a bumpy slide. Yes, you have guessed it, Jack Canuck rides his sea-flea in a manner that would put some of his western cousins to shame. Sailing boats, canoes, and even row boats, are still used, as many do not appreciate the up-and-down motion of the machine-propelled boat. Aqua-planing is not unknown and the holiday crowd of some well-known beach is thrilled as some group of dare-devils race up and down the length of the Beach with one of their number trailing behind.

Fish, you may say. Well, sir, you are in the country of the big one that got away. In the northern lakes and streams, that is, around Muskoka, the trout are of some size, if the veracity of our male fishing population is to be credited. In the lakes, the muskelunge and pike give many an amateur the material with which to commence his own personal fish story. In the East, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and in the West, in British Columbia, salmon is angled for in the many streams and rivers which abound in these provinces.

Perhaps the men have not all the summer pleasures. The weaker sex have thrown aside the knitting needles, and now women anglers stretch the size of the one that got away, so that the toughest old angler hides his head in shame. Ladies dig up divots on all our well-known courses; they bat out homers with the best of the males; they ply their paddle or accelerate the car, and even excel the men in many favorite pastimes of the Summer.

Perhaps all the Summer pastimes indulged in in Canada cannot be discussed, but the most important have been touched upon, and such sports as field and track work and marathoning can hardly be called a sport in which all the people of our country indulge, so that they may benefit from the short Summer months.

OUR NAME

After much discussion by the members of the magazine staff, it was decided that our school paper should be called "The Argosy," the name that our principal, Mr. Millar, suggested. Other names brought forward were "The Commercial Clarion," "Cargoes," "The Argosy of Commerce," "The Paragon," etc.

We grant you that this is not an original name, but it was agreed that the name brings out the idea that a High School of Commerce has for its goal the training of students who are to be sent out into the commercial world to put into practice the knowledge they have gained. As many a ship has sailed with its argosy into unknown seas, so the pupils will carry the results of a three-year course into a new sphere, that of business.

PROGRESS

(As Exemplified by the C. H. S. C.)

By ROSE TICK

PROGRESS—*"To move forward or onward; to advance towards something better."*—Webster.

FROM its humble inception as early as 1880, commercial education in Hamilton has moved forward gradually, but with a certainty that is evinced in the history of its progress toward the zenith of a remarkable career.

Previous to the Autumn of 1924, commercial classes were conducted in the elementary schools, but in September of that year, the Board of Education removed these classes to the Central and Delta Collegiate Institutes. They began with a registration of some 280 students, the majority of whom were accommodated at the Central Collegiate. Our principal, Mr. F. G. Millar, who was at that time a member of the Collegiate staff, undertook alone the tremendous task of teaching two hundred students the many difficult subjects relating to commerce.

At last the advantages of a commercial education had been recognized, for the following term showed an increase in attendance of over sixty-four per cent.! Consequently, it was decided that two classes of students from the west end of the city would have to be housed in the Caroline Street branch of the Central Collegiate, with Miss E. Fisher and Mr. F. R. Lishman as teachers. The classes at the Delta Collegiate remained practically the same, under the care of Miss Dixon and Miss Wood, but at Central, Miss H. W. Marshall came to assist Mr. Millar.

In September of 1926, third-year and one-year special classes were formed at Central for the first time. Delta, too, showed progress by beginning second-year classes, and the Caroline first forms grew in number. This decided advancement required that further additions be made to the staff of commercial teachers, thereby bringing into our midst, among others, Miss M. E. Sheldon and Mr. A. D. Hudson.

The term of 1927-1928 marked a turning point in the administration of business education in our city. The registration of students had increased to over six hundred, and Central, Delta and Caroline Collegiates were taxed to the limit for all available space. Since the commercial classes were still a regular part of the collegiate curriculum, Mr. Millar, as head of both the Central and Caroline departments, bided his time. His patience was rewarded, for not long before the end of the term it became known that the Advisory Vocational Committee of the Board of Education had resolved to form all the commercial classes into a separate High School of Commerce, beginning September, 1928. It was also resolved that, to suit local conditions, the school be divided into junior and senior sections; that the junior school be composed of first forms only and divided between Delta, Central and Caroline Collegiates; and that the senior school be located in the Technical School. Mr. Millar was, of course, to be principal, and the school would have its own teachers instead of depending, to a great extent, upon the teachers of the various schools in which it was located.

Thus in 1928 the High School of Commerce became a school—but in name only. Its 750 students were literally as scattered as the four winds. Four classes were located in the Delta Collegiate, four in the Central Collegiate, three in the Caroline Collegiate and eight in the Technical Institute.

Additional pupils, numbering 150, necessitated the opening, in 1929, of four more classrooms, two of which had to be put in the Teachers' Training College, next to the Technical School.

However, with the establishment of the Westdale Composite School in 1930, Mr. Millar's troubles were lessened to the extent of having 19 classes in 4 schools, instead of 23 classes divided between 5 schools.

The anti-climax of the history of our school was reached in 1931. Registration almost equalled that of 1929, when the Caroline branch was still in existence. Now that the situation in the west end had been remedied, the east end students were multiplying so fast that Delta Collegiate could no longer hold them, and the whole seven classes found themselves transferred to the Ballard Public School. Five classes were still at Central Collegiate, nine others at the Technical Institute and two in the Teachers' Training College.

The existing conditions were recognized by all to be entirely deporable, and after a careful survey of the situation, it was decided to build a commercial high school. So we have progressed, in this historical resumé, to the zenith of a remarkable career—1932, and the new Central High School of Commerce!

"All good things come to him who waits," for at last Mr. Millar's unflagging efforts and patience, in the face of very trying circumstances, was repaid.

The fine, new Central High School of Commerce is a magnificent building in which is embodied all the most modern and best features in educational facilities.

A fact of which we may well be proud is that this school is the first 100 per cent. Canadian school in Canada. To the best of our knowledge, all materials, all craftsmanship and labor that went into the building of this structure were purely Canadian.

On the exterior, it is an emposing edifice of brick, artistically relieved by Queenston limestone. The building is three stories high, with a basement and part sub-basement.

The interior of the school carries out further the modern effect created by its outward appearance. Construction is fireproof throughout, of steel and reinforced concrete; wooden window sashes are used, but all doors and frames, both exterior and interior, are of metal.

The floors in the main corridors are terrazzo. The dado of the walls is finished in blue-gray cement enamel, while the upper walls are finished in light plaster. Built-in, ventilated lockers line the wall spaces, and are provided with individual combination locks.

There are 41 rooms, 24 of which are regulation classrooms. These classrooms are large and bright and are equipped with all modern facilities. Blackboards are slanted after the latest practice and special opaque shades are provided for all windows. The wooden floors are laid on felt soundproofing.

The ceilings in the typewriting rooms are acoustically treated. The arrangement of the desks is the reverse of the ordinary classroom in order to obtain light from the right, as notes when typing are read on the right.

ROYAL CONNAUGHT HOTEL

The Connaught Room

Dancing Every Night Except Mondays, October to May

Music by Ray Dawe and his Royal Connaught Hotel Dance Orchestra

Admission including cover charge and tax, $1.10 per couple; Saturdays and holidays, $1.65

Dancing 9.30 to 1.00; Saturdays, 9 to midnight

FAMOUS FOR FOOD

A la Carte and Table d'Hote Service

Club Breakfast 30c, 50c, 75c
Luncheon 60c, 75c
Dinner ..... $1.00 (Except Sunday)
Sunday Special De Luxe Dinner $1.25

Wilfred A. Stead, Manager

An outstanding feature of the two science laboratories is a special switchboard which delivers electric current to all desks in whatever voltage is required for class work.

The sub-basement, which extends to the rear in the centre of the school, accommodates the gymnasia, showers, dressing and instructors' rooms. As eighty per cent. of the pupils are girls, their gymnasium is larger and has a balcony for spectators.

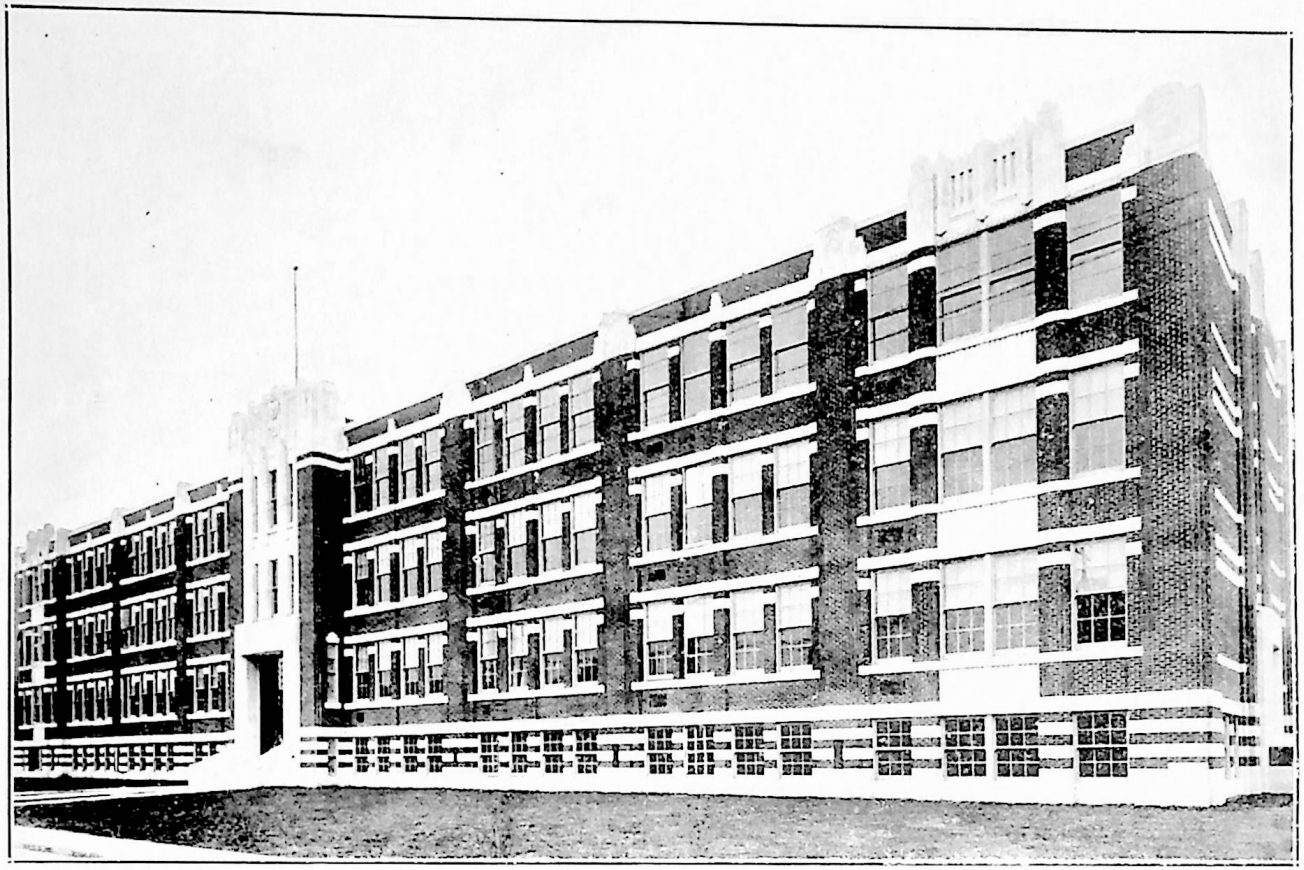
Although the school is at present without an auditorium, provision has been made to build one at a later date above the gymnasiums which are just temporarily roofed. This auditorium will be most up-to-date, with a total seating capacity of 1,200.

In the basement is a double cafeteria, one for boys and one for girls, with a service kitchen in between. A teachers' dining room, equipped with steam table, is also provided.

The central unit of the electric time-control system, which automatically rings the periods throughout the school, is located in the registrar's office on the main floor.

Another interesting feature is the independent emergency lighting system which provides against failure of power. This system, comprising a water turbine and dynamo, is automatically started by the failure of the regular electric power.

The faculty and the student body are very proud of their beautiful new school. It is their constant hope and aim to make the future of the Central High School of Commerce as brilliant as the remarkable progress of its past.



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

STAFF OF THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL of COMMERCE

Names and Degrees	Subjects Taught
Millar, F. G., B.A., B. Paed., Principal	
Buttrum, Mary L., B. Com.	Stenography, Typewriting
Dodds, Helen M., B.A.	English, History
Dore, M. Helen, B.A.	Stenography, Physical Culture
Downham, Nerissa, B.A.	French, English, History
Duffy, G. Norma, B.A.	English, History
Elliott, Henry E., B.A.	Mathematics
Ferguson, Evalena, B.A.	Stenography, Typewriting
Fisher, Edna B. V.	Stenography, Typewriting
Fitzsimons, Irene, B.A.	English, Physical Culture
Foucar, Walter K., M.A.	French, English, Spanish
French, M. Helen, B.A.	English, French
Hudson, A. D., B.A.	Salesmanship, Economics
Langford, E. W., B.A.	Bokkeeping, Law
Lishman, Frederic R., B.A.	Stenography, Typewriting, Physical Culture
Lorraway, Hazel A., B.A.	Stenography, Typewriting, Physiography
Marshall, Helen W., B.A.	Stenography, Typewriting
McCoig, Laura J., B. Com., B. Paed.	Stenography, Typewriting
Pothier, Kathryn A., B.A.	English, History
Pugh, Harry C., B.A.	Science, Penmanship
Sheldon, Mary Eliz., B.A.	Art, Penmanship, Economics
Smith, Marie A., B.A.	English, French
Stewart, C. A., B.A.	Bookkeeping, Mathematics
Wilson, Mary A., B.A.	Stenography, Typewriting, Arithmetic
Wingfield, Alex. H., B.A., Ph.D.	Science
Wood, Rachel L., B.A.	Bookkeeping, Law

Greetings and Appreciations

The staff of "The Argosy" wishes to acknowledge, with sincere thanks, the many helpful suggestions given to it by the editors of the following magazines: The "Acta Collegii," of Chatham Collegiate Institute, Chatham; "Vox Lycei," of Lisgar Collegiate Institute, Ottawa; "The Scarboro Bluff," of Scarboro Collegiate Institute, West Hill; "The Argosy of Commerce," High School of Commerce, Ottawa; "The Echoes," Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational Schools, Peterborough; (and last but by no means least) "The Tatler," Lindsay Collegiate Institute, Lindsay, and "The Eastern Echo," the Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto.

As the first copy of "The Argosy" goes to print, we are happy to acknowledge the following greetings from two of the other secondary schools in our city:

"The staff of 'Tech Sparks' sincerely wishes your new magazine, 'The Argosy,' every success possible and hopes that its publication may impart other means of furthering the friendly spirit already existing between our two schools."

"It is with great pleasure that we (Delta Collegiate Lampadion) learn of your intentions of putting out a publication this year. Not many institutions would have the courage to attempt such an action in their first year, but we feel certain that you will meet with the success you deserve. The publication of a magazine is no easy task and much hard work is necessary before all is finished. However, we hope that your reward will come in the satisfaction of having given to your school a successful magazine. We wish you the best of luck."

COMMENCEMENT

THE first commencement exercises held by the Central High School of Commerce since it occupied its new building on Sanford Avenue were held on Friday, February 17, in the auditorium of the Technical Institute and, judging from the results obtained, Mr. G. Millar has much on which to be congratulated.

As Chairman of the Advisory Vocational Committee, Mr. Wallace Lees welcomed the pupils, their parents and friends to the exercises, and praised the school for the progress which had been achieved. Mr. Millar, in a short speech, gave an idea of the work done and outlined what he hoped to accomplish in the new school.

During the evening numbers were played by the school orchestra, under Miss Leonora Rubens, and unaccompanied chorus sung by the boys' and girls' double trios.

The most interesting part of the evening was the presentation of prizes to the successful students of the past year. The Advisory Vocational Committee general proficiency prizes, presented by W. H. Lees, went to the following pupils:—

Third Year—Irene Parker, Mary Stechyshyn, Olga Paulishyn, Doris Hyde.

Second Year—Edna Hewines, Joe Olsanski and Edythe Zeihr.

First Year—Agnes McDeid, Hazel Hill, Edith Bolingbroke, Barbara Smith, Banks Lee, Mary Craven, Audrey Smith, James Simpson.

One-Year Special—Mary Zapora.

The prize donated by Cloke & Son for proficiency in filing and office practice, presented by Mr. Millar on behalf of Mr. Cloke, was won by Irene Parker.

The Principal's prize for highest marks in secretarial subjects, presented by Mr. Millar, went to Olga Paulishyn.

Graduation diplomas were also presented to the students who had completed, last June, the three-year and one-year special courses.

Congratulations to all of these successful students.

TRAVEL

(First Prize Essay)

IT IS said that in each one of us is born, to a greater or lesser degree, an urge to travel—a wanderlust, a longing to see more of the wonderful world in which we live. It is not given to all of us, however, to be able to satisfy this urge.

Travel, as a means of education, is of inestimable value. No book learning can impress one's mind with the physical features of a country, its cities, towns and industries, the manners and customs of its people, as can a tour through its highways and by-ways. What geography book can thrill one to the same degree as can a visit to, say, London, Paris or New York; to see the grandeur of the Rockies, or to hear the thunderous roar of Niagara Falls; to see the Indus, and the splendour of the Taj-Mahal? Then to study history in Rome or Ancient Greece; to tread the Roman roads in Britain, visit the old cathedrals, abbeys and castle ruins; and see for oneself the places made famous by their associations with Christianity in the Holy Land!

To the lover of Nature, think what a visit to Switzerland would mean, filling one's lungs with that gloriously clean, chilly air; seeing those ridges and walls of ice and snow which in themselves are magnificent and awe-inspiring, with now and then a peak rising far into the cloudless sky, casting its blue shadow across the wonderful scene which leaves an imprint in one's memory that can never be erased.

From the earliest sagas of the world's history, we read that men have travelled for the betterment of themselves and their countries; learning of neighbouring peoples, seeking ever to profit by the examples set by other nations in their manners, customs and modes of living.

The travels of the early inhabitants of Greece were hampered by their inadequate means of transportation, but trade was carried on, nevertheless, between the colonies by those engaged in the commercial activities of the country. Then, at a later date in history, the Romans availed themselves of their situation on the Tiber River, and sailed abroad, even as far as to Britain, their conquest of 55 B.C. Years afterwards, the Danes, with their vessels equipped for war, roamed about the seas, until we come to the 16th century, when the stately Spanish galleons held the supremacy of the sea, carrying their blood-thirsty crews to conquer foreign fields and bring back tales of rich wonderlands beyond the horizon.

In each generation there are certain adventurous spirits who feel impelled to penetrate to the heart of a new land, or to find fresh routes to help intercourse with various countries. This trait in men's characters proves itself invaluable to trade and commerce, and the advancement of civilization all over the world.

In the latter part of the 15th century, Columbus, that restless, irrepressible adventurer, despite all obstacles, determined to conquer a new world, and realized his dream in the discovery of the North American continent. During the following century, Drake and Raleigh made their long and arduous voyages through rough seas, adverse currents, and rocky and uncharted channels, opening up new fields of discovery to the nation eagerly waiting their return. The vast country in which we live was opened up for travel by the zealous efforts of those daunt-

less explorers of a few centuries ago. The hazardous journeys made into the interior of Canada in the attempts to find a passage to the Western Sea brought to light the countless possibilities of a new land which proved to be so great in extent, so fertile for agricultural development, and so rich in minerals.

On through the ages, up to the present time, the wanderlust has ever ruled in men's hearts, and despite the economic conditions which prevail in the world to-day, there are still many who are prepared to follow the dangerous trail. We hear of the indomitable efforts of Admiral Byrd to bring the hitherto inaccessible Arctic within reach; the attempts to scale Mount Everest, and the continual flights across the Atlantic.

In modern times, the iron dragon of the seas overcomes all difficulties of navigation, and serves as a binding link between continents. Travel by land, also, has progressed not a little in the past century. No one nowadays need be confined to the boundaries of their own narrow sphere, since a motor-car can be the possession of even people of very moderate means. Automobile and train facilities of the progressive age, in which it is our good fortune to live, are so improved and perfected as to enable one to travel over vast tracts of land in the greatest comfort and ease, drinking in the glories of Nature and her helpers. The wealthier classes of travellers to-day find an added thrill and satisfaction for their travel lust in soaring through the clouds in one of the modern palatial air-liners, but this, for the present, is only within reach of the few.

The period of youth of early man and womanhood is the time when the wanderlust is strongest within us, and the vitality of the body is in the most fit condition to endure, and even to enjoy, the few minor discomforts which usually accompany travel, although these inconveniences are now reduced to a minimum by our modern luxurious trains, liners, automobiles, etc.

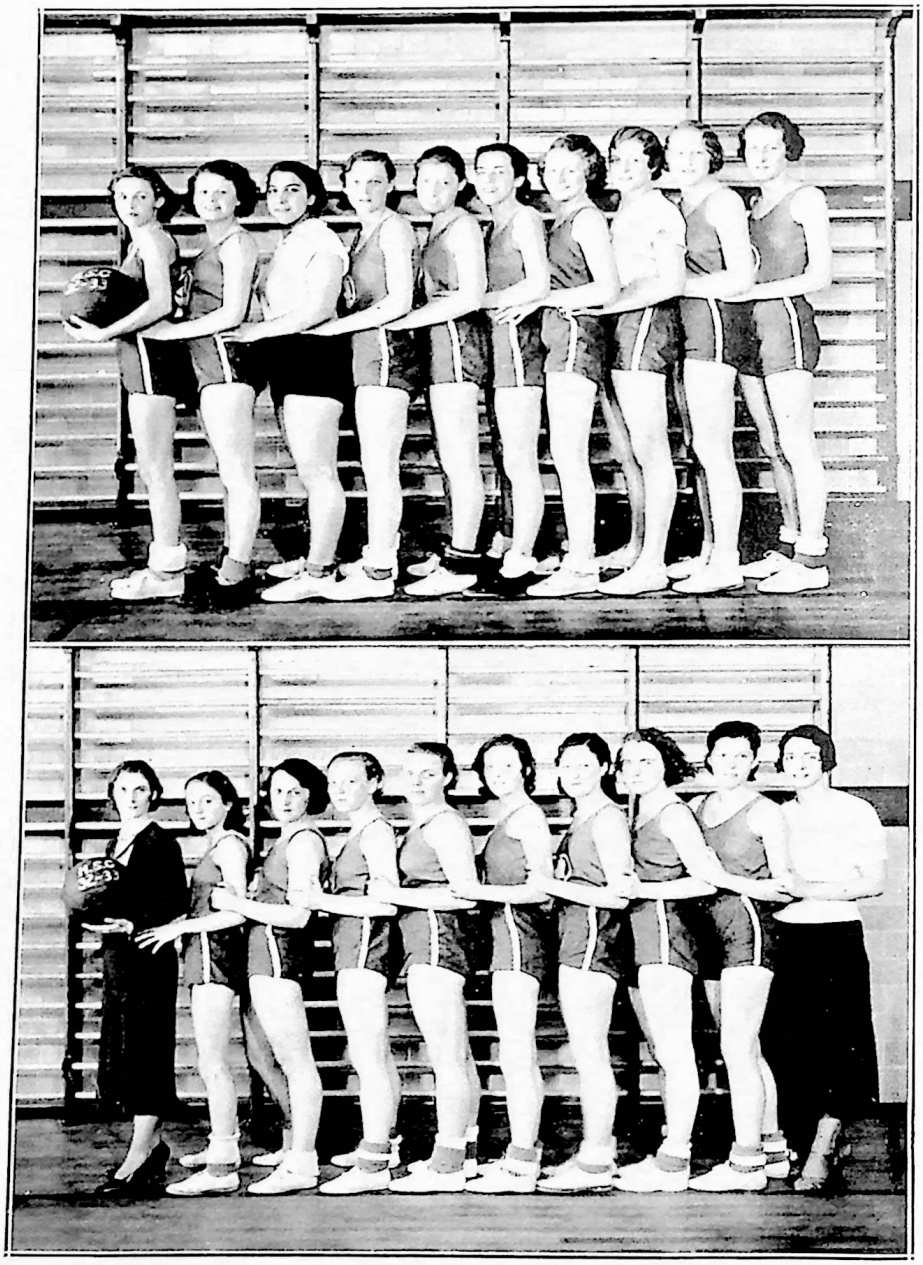
Travel abroad creates in one a greater appreciation of one's own country, for, however much we may admire our neighbours and the beauties of their land, there is a certain dearness in our homeland which appeals to the best in all of us, as Sir Walter Scott so aptly said:—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land';
Whose heart within him ne'er hath burned,
When home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

When one comes to the sunset days of life, when the quiet of home is more to be desired than roaming afar, think of the wealth of knowledge, the store of memories, the countless recollections of interesting and happy incidents that are ever present as a near and understanding companion.

"When oft upon my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."
—Wordsworth.

—JEAN LEEDALE, 3A.



GIRLS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to right—A. Day, A. Eastwood, C. Argo, F. Mitton, H. Carter, R. Latham, B. Hamilton, E. Derry, E. Munson, V. Buttenham

GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to right—Miss Fitzsimmons, I. Sholer, S. Ross, B. Brock, K. Rushton, M. Smith, M. Torek, L. Martinson, K. Fox, I. Mullen.

— GIRL'S — ATHLETICS.

IRENE MULLEN

INTER-SCHOLASTIC BASKET-BALL

Much interest has been taken in girls' sports this year by both competitors and fans, and we are glad to say that they have been more successful than expected.

In basketball the girls earned the right to play Central Collegiate for the Consolation Cup, which they unfortunately lost in the last game. Both teams fought well, but Central had an edge over our girls, as they have been playing with each other for at least two years. However, we feel quite assured that our girls will be playing much better ball next year, and that they will not be playing off for the Consolation Cup, but will win the Lockett Shield.

In the playoffs for the Consolation Cup the first game was played at Commerce. This game was, without a doubt, one of the fastest and most exciting games played on Commerce floor this year. It was so exciting that the scorer couldn't keep the right score, and at the end of the game there was a difference of one basket, or two points, and so it was impossible to announce the winner, as the two scores were 42-42, and 42-40 favour of Central. Thus it was decided to wait until after the second game because the teams were playing for points and not for games, and it meant that Commerce would have to win by four points or more to prevent a dispute as to who the winner would be, as Central would naturally have claim to the two-point lead on the first game. But as Central won the last game by 8 points there was no need for a third game.

The games and score for this year are as follows:—

Commerce at Central, senior, 58-24, favour of Central.

Commerce at Central, junior, 26-17, favour of Central.

Delta at Commerce, senior, 27-25, favour of Commerce.

Delta at Commerce, junior, 17-12, favour of Commerce.

Commerce at Westdale, senior, 31-30, favour of Commerce.

Commerce at Westdale, junior, 25-8, favour of Westdale.

Central at Commerce, senior, 44-42, favour of Commerce.

Central at Commerce, junior, 30-26, favour of Central.

Commerce at Delta, senior, 56-10, favour of Delta.

Commerce at Delta, junior, 25-21, favour of Delta.

Westdale at Commerce, senior, 40-31, favour of Westdale.

Westdale at Commerce, junior, 30-14, favour of Westdale.

Our opinion of the personal playing of each player on the Senior teams is:

Kay Fox (captain and jumping centre)—Can always be depended upon to score many points. Kay scored 157 points in games this year.

Mary Smith (forward)—Mary certainly knows how to get rebounds from the

basket and also has been responsible for many of Commerce's points, scoring 64 points.

Lillian Martinson ("Logie," forward)—Steady player; can always be depended upon to come through in a pinch. "Logie" scored 42 points.

Kay Rushton (defence)—Plays a steady game on defence and has saved many points being scored against us by her defence playing.

Shirley Ross (defence)—Although Shirley hasn't much height, she has plenty of speed, and certainly knows how to get the ball.

Margaret Torek (defence)—Marg's best habit is intercepting passes when her opponents think they have the ball in their hands. She also plays a very steady game on defence.

Eileen McAllister (defence and forward)—Eileen can play either position quite handily and, therefore, is a valuable substitute and player to the team.

SWIMMING

Our girls cannot only play basketball, but they can also swim, and proved this in competing for the High School Championship on March 17 at the Municipal Swimming Pool. The team is comprised of Shirley Ross, Kay Butler, Margaret Robertson, Ruby Goatley and Irene Mullen.

Out of five events for senior high school girls, Commerce won five. Ruby Goatley also placed third in the 50 yards free style for high school girls under sixteen years, and second in the 50 yards back stroke.

The events our girls placed in are as follows:—

50 yards free style—1st, Irene Mullen.

50 yards back stroke—1st, Irene Mullen; 2nd, Ruby Goatley.

50 yards breast stroke—1st, Kay Butler.

Fancy diving—1st, Irene Mullen.

200 yards relay—1st, High School of Commerce (team—Shirley Ross, Margaret Robertson, Kay Butler and Irene Mullen.

Central Collegiate just nosed us out by 5 points for the School Trophy. This was due to the lack of a boys' swimming team from Commerce. The girls succeeded in winning all the points that they could, and they only needed two second place points to win the trophy. Which means if we had had a boys' team we certainly would have brought the cup home with us.

So what about it, boys! Why not get a swimming team together? After all, you must admit it is the cleanest sport there is.

INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL

"Congratulations, 1A, on your success in winning the Inter-Class Basketball Championship!"

The class games which were played during the noon-hour recess created much excitement among those who stayed for lunch. The teams were divided into three groups, with 1A, 2B and 3D being the winners of their group.

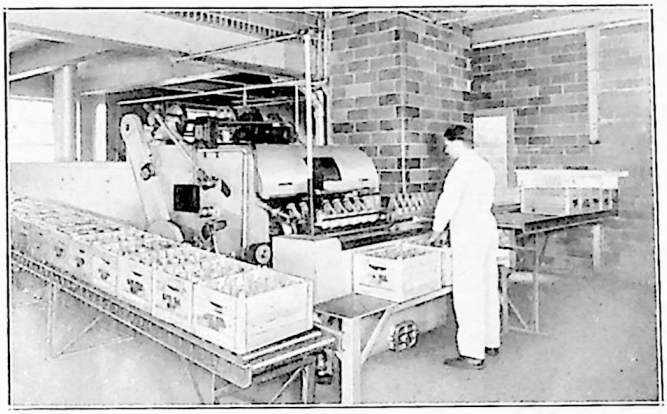
On Wednesday, March 1, 1A and 2B played off to see who would meet 3D, on March 9, for the School Championship. 1A turned back both teams, taking the first game 17-6 and the second 11-5.

These games are beneficial to those girls who would like to play for the school but, unfortunately, through lack of experience or knowledge of the game have been unable to make the grade. They may practice and play through the year so that next year they may be able to play well enough to make the team. Others on these class teams are well fitted for the school teams, but through lack of time for practice have not played for the school.

On Wednesday, March 29, Mr. Millar presented a challenge cup to the winners of this inter-class basketball series, and each girl on the team received a crest symbolic of the Championship.

The girls who were successful in winning this Cup were: Ethel Toth, guard; D. Tibbery, guard; J. Cooke, forward; M. Young, jumping centre forward; L. Marsh, forward; M. Thompson, side centre defence; H. Dolling, forward; B. Poulter, side centre defence.

How Clean is the Bottle?



The milk bottle that you receive to-day was in some other house yesterday—is it clean? The modern bottle washer shown above has been installed at the Royal Oak Dairy and is our guarantee to you that every bottle NOT ONLY LOOKS CLEAN but IS CLEAN. Every bottle receives twenty-two separate washes, and is thoroughly sterilized.

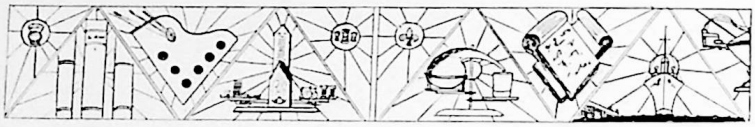
Change to this Protected Milk To-day

ROYAL OAK DAIRY LIMITED

GEORGE A. HAMILTON and SONS

GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM

Left to right—Ruby Goatley, Irene Buckley, Shirley Ross, Margaret Robertson, Irene Mullen, Kay Butler.



OUR FRONT DOORWAY

MARGARET KNOX, 3 A

THE brass work above the main entrance to the Hamilton Central High School of Commerce is divided into three parts above the centre and two side doors which comprise the entrance. The work in the middle section is divided by diagonal lines into nine sections. The two side sections are divided diagonally into five sections. The various symbols representing the lines of work carried on in this house of learning are in relief against their horizontal metal base.

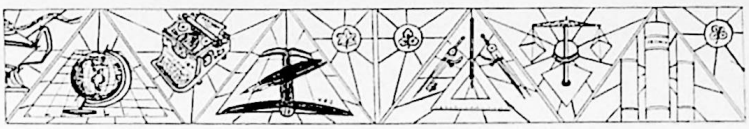
Immediately in the centre is the Lamp of Knowledge, signifying the vortex around which the school in all its various branches is continually whirling. Some may argue as to the appropriateness of the word whirling, but the third form at least will doubtless appreciate the appurtenant meaning.

To the immediate right of the Lamp of Knowledge a typewriter is fashioned, and on the left of the lamp there is a shorthand pad and pencil. On this pad in inscribed shorthand outlines which, when transcribed, read, Central High School of Commerce, Hamilton, Ontario, and below this the school motto, INDUSTRY, INTEGRITY AND SERVICE.

Diagonally left from the Lamp of Knowledge the front of a ship is shown, with the end of a grain elevator in the upper left-hand corner depicting the most important phase of our Canadian commerce. This is what it was originally meant to represent, but to several students, especially during the Easter exams, this picture might represent the state of their minds, "All at sea," as someone so aptly expresses that sinking, unstable sensation as one reflectively chews one's pencil while eyeing the exam paper and deciding just what questions *might* be answerable.

In the lower left section below the Lamp of Knowledge is an ancient instrument which faintly resembles a globe of the world. The dictionary defines this extraordinary instrument, which, by the way, is called an astrolabe, as "a compact instrument for observing the positions of the heavenly bodies." It seems that, among the ancients, it was often essentially the armillary sphere. An armillary sphere (again according to the Barton Street Library dictionary) is an astronomical machine or skeleton sphere, consisting of rings or circles. This interesting instrument was considered a graduated circle, with sights for taking altitudes at sea, in the eighteenth century. However, to get back to the front door of the Central High School of Commerce in Hamilton, this astrolabe represents all the various branches of geographic carried on in this highly esteemed school.

The extreme upper, left-hand corner of the middle section shows the fleur de lis of France, reminding one of the important influence the French had in the founding and growth of Canada. This French ensigna not only stands for the French language as studied in the school, but for the earlier part of Canadian



history, the study of modern day Quebec and various other ways in which the French influence is felt in all our Canadian life and studies. In the corresponding corner in the right-hand side the Maple Leaf shows Canada's modern independence. It is significant to note the position the Maple Leaf takes at the right of the Lamp of Knowledge, showing that all our studies are essentially Canadian.

In the lower left-hand side of the centre plate, diagonally left from the fleur de lis, there is a retort showing the work done in chemistry. The corresponding right-hand side of the plate shows a writing tablet and two ancient feather-pens.

The section to the right is divided into five parts. The two outside divisions show the shamrock of Ireland and the English rose, bringing out the Irish and English influence in Canada, and, incidentally, giving the fiery Irish and stolid English students another bone to pick; that is, provided there is no Sotch student or second Wilfrid Laurier to quench them with their aggravating Scotch silence or flowing French eloquence. The centre division shows a balance to represent physics, and diagonally left from this balance the rules and slides used in mathematics are illustrated. In the fifth or lower centre space three books are shown, standing upright, with the French fleur de lis on the backs of the two side books and the Roman ensigna on the larger book in the centre. These books represent the French composition, authors, grammar and history studied in this school of schools, and the Roman ensigna takes us further back in the history of the world to the sway of the Latins and to the essential fact that the first legitimate discoverer of North America was an Italian, none other than the renowned John Cabot, of Canadian history fame.

The section to the left of the centre plate is also divided into five spaces. In the outside divisions there is the thistle of Scotland and the leek of Wales, reminding one of the large part played in the settling and safe-keeping of Canada by the Scotch and Welsh. The centre section shows a palette and brushes, suggesting the great future art Art Department of the C. H. S. C. deserves under the able leadership of such artists as now lead it on to fame. In the section between the palette and the thistle there are three books corresponding in size and position to the three on the right-hand plate. The backs of these books show the ancient combination of the shamrock, the thistle and the rose. The larger book, of course, shows the rose, but the proximity of the shamrock and the thistle remind us that England in herself is not the British Empire. Diagonally right from the palette a scale is shown. This, in years to come, will bring back memories of the many arguments or periods of lassitude enjoyed under the leadership of our revered economics teacher.

The entire brass work combines to represent every line of study taken up in this school, and while the illustrations represent them quite plainly, nearly everyone can get an underlying meaning from every part. This work so clearly illustrates the character and type of our school that if some catastrophe were to happen which buried this magnificent building, future generations would have no difficulty in deciding just what these ruins were, if they could at least find this plate.

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

JACK CONNOR, 3E

SINCE a school is primarily conducted in the interests of its students, it was deemed advisable to have organized in it an institution which deals with the students' activities and welfare. As a result, there has been formed the first Central High School of Commerce Students' Council.

To understand better the working of the Council it is well for us to consider of what it is composed and how it was formed.

When any group of young men and women meet together for a common purpose, in this case that of education, there invariably arises the question of recreation, and in a school as large as the Commerce it will inevitably be a pertinent one.

Before the end of October there were organized in the school some eight or nine committees, which devoted their attention to the furtherance of such activities as dramatics, athletics, music, debating, social welfare, and the composing of a school magazine. These committees, which consisted of sometimes as many as ten members, were too large to meet together and carry on business in an efficient manner. In order to combat this difficulty one teacher and one student representative from each committee was appointed to meet together and discuss their activities, thus bringing together representatives from every phase of school life.

This group, headed by their Honourary President, Mr. F. G. Millar, principal of the school, nominated members of their body for the position of president. These candidates were voted to office by the school as a whole—the one receiving the highest vote, to that of president, and the one receiving the second highest, to that of vice-president. The organization then received its constitution as The Central High School of Commerce Students' Council.

At their first meeting the newly-formed Council appointed its treasurer, the only person not representing a committee, and its secretary. It was then ready for action.

Since the first meeting the Council has met the first Thursday of each month, the date set by the constitution. At these meetings the reports of the various committees are read, finances are adjusted, and plans are laid for forthcoming events, such as tea-dances, rugby games, hockey games, basketball games, musicales, the publishing of the school magazine, and, in short, any matter which pertains to the general interest of the students.

The meetings of the Council are carried on in a strictly parliamentary manner, thereby, indirectly, schooling its members in the art of parliamentary law and statesmanship.

Thus we see that the Council, in addition to being the guiding hand in all school enterprises, is, in itself, an educational body, and any one who may in future years have the opportunity of being a member will truly be well repaid for their association with that great institution—The Central High School of Commerce Students' Council.

MEMBERS OF STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Top row, left to right—J. Olsanski, G. McLeish, H. Tabb. Second row, left to right—Miss Dodds, M. Smith, J. Smith, Mr. Lashman, Miss Wood, Mrs. Pather, Miss Fitzsimmons. Bottom row, left to right—Mr. Millar, Hon. President; D. Smith, Secretary; J. Connor, President; M. Newman, Mr. Foucar, Miss Wilson, Mr. Langford, Treasurer. Absent—Miss Duffy, John Smith.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

IRENE MULLEN, ISA

WHAT an honour and thrill it must be to win an event at the Olympic Games, to stand on the Victory Stand, hear your National Anthem played, and watching your country's flag being raised to Victory!

I happened to be one of the fortunate athletes to represent Canada at the Olympic Games last summer in Los Angeles, and I can assure you I have never been so thrilled over anything before in my life as I was over "making" the swimming team.

On Saturday, July 30, 1932, the 10th Olympiad was officially opened at Los Angeles, California. Uncle Sam did the opening job as it has never been done in the history of all the Olympiads, which since 776 B.C., with some interruptions, have been occurring every four years in various countries of the world. He had his Vice-President, Charles Curtis, on hand to represent him in an official way. He had 105,000 awed folk in the sun-splashed stands of the stadium and another 50,000 milling about outside.

A hush was upon the vast throng when a whisper became a fact and the first figure in the traditional and pulse-quickening Parade of Nations appeared at the tunnel's mouth at the west end of the stadium. He was a Greek. He bore the pale green, white crossed flag of Hellas, mother country of the games. Behind him strode a dozen young lads, bearers of a great weight of tradition, followers in the footsteps of Heroes. Argentinia, Australia, Austria, Belgium and Brazil's athletes followed next. Then followed Canada's team in their scarlet tunics and immaculate white, smart as they passed the Tribune. Next a lone hero from Colombia. And then the Tricolor of France, the Union Jack of Great Britain, and the black, scarlet and gold of Germany; Haiti's lone lad, Holland, Hungary and India followed in order. The Fascists from Italy, the Japanese, Switzerland, and then the Americans marched in.

All the flag-bearers then formed a semi-circle around the Tribune of Honour. A moment later Vice-President Curtis of the United States rose from his seat and spoke into a microphone some fateful words, words which have been fateful since before the time of the gentle Galilean. "I proclaim open the Olympic Games of Los Angeles, celebrating the Tenth Olympiad of the modern era," said Mr. Curtis. High atop the great peristyle at the east end of the stadium, a flame flared into being. And a dull, thundering sound was reverberating in the stadium, as ten mighty roars left the mouths of cannons situated outside the main gate. The ten-gun salute belched its message to the world, truly like the historic shot which was heard once before around the globe. The clear call to the Games had been sounded and flashed as it had been on the slopes of Mount Olympus in the days of glorious Greece.

Before the multitude had an opportunity to recover from the thrill, and before the last notes of a little band of trumpeters had died away, something happened down on the field which completely halted heartbeats.

A vast cloud of doves, their beating wings telling of peace and good-will and bearing a message to all the universe, rose from a flag-covered something which was not at all like a coop. More than 2,000 of these birds wheeled and circled above the unbelieving eyes of the great throng, then set their unerring course

to the East. A strange silence filled the huge amphitheatre as the last of the pigeons disappeared to the eastward.

Whatever it is about the sight of dull flames against a bright sky, the sound of beating wings, the throbbing notes of trumpets and the rumbling roar of cannon that brings tears to the eyes of humans may go unsolved—but a mighty multitude wept to all of this. Scarcely were we aware of the quiet, when the great voice of a choir of 2,000 men and women, clad in white and filling a section of seats, rose. High and sweet sang the clear sopranos, clear and vibrant the male voices, and the Olympic Hymn was sung to all the thousands there. Steady stood the athletes of all the nations grouped in smart array upon the stadium's greensward, their banners bravely fluttering before them. Wet eyes in the stands were dabbed at in a surreptitious way.

Another hush upon the stands, and a tall young man, against whose shoulders brushed the Stars and Stripes, marched to the microphone on the field below; Lieut. George C. Calnan, U.S.N., beside a shipmate bearing Uncle Sam's colors, was the honoured youth. To him had gone the coveted duty of delivering the Olympic Oath. "We swear that we will take part in the Olympic Games in loyal competition, respecting the regulations which govern them, and desirous of participating in them in the true spirit of sportsmanship for the honour of our country and the glory of sport." That was all. He said it as though he meant it, and the men and women on the field held up their hands to bear him out.

Again the voices of the choir rose to the peace-time skies, this time in sacred hymn. "Lest We Forget," chanted the voices, and while a fresh breeze caused the newly raised Olympic Flag, with its five circles interlinked, to flutter anew, the athletes marched out of the stadium.

For the next two weeks the athletes were busy in competing in their event, some winning, more losing, but the latter deserve just as much glory as the former, because they gave all they had and, although not sufficient to win, they did their best and that was all that was expected of them.

There is a prayer called "The Olmpic Athlete's Prayer Before Action," which I would like you to read. It is:—

The torch that blazed o'er Eli's plain, new-kindled, flames above;
And men foregather once again beneath the flags they love.
Ere yet we hear the strident word that spurs us on our way,
Steel Thou our hearts, Most Gracious Lord, lend us Thy strength this day!
From pride of race or tribe or creed, from sin of self-conceit,
From selfish thought or word or deed, from fear of fair defeat,
From rivalry that turns to hate, from sport no longer play,
From cross dispute and harsh debate, keep us, O Lord, this day!
Deep thou our flagging spirits live, that, through Thy boundless grace,
Each one, as in him lies, may strive in his allotted race.
As soon we strive for victory, help us to realize
Our real reward must ever be in striving, not the prize.
E'en now we face the rugged test, e'en now we crouch to start,
Help us, O Lord, to give our best—help us to play our part!
From lands afar, a weary road, they've come in Friendship's name!
Help us, O Lord, to keep the Code—Help us to PLAY THE GAME!

WHAT OF TO-MORROW?

(Second Prize Essay)

"For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."
—Longfellow.

A GREAT philosopher once advised men to "look after to-day and to-morrow will look after itself." That is very sound reasoning, providing that to-day prepares for the future problems. Even though we do not know what to-morrow will bring forth, we should be prepared to continue the work of to-day.

Let us strive to bring to our minds a picture of the past three years. We perceive that crops have not failed; no new and deadly plague has arisen to destroy men and beasts; no great earthquake or change in climate has affected the fundamental conditions of life in the centres of population. Despite this apparent absence of catastrophe, newspapers, magazines and books of the whole world have adopted one word which, in the English language, spells "depression."

The sages of our land are entertaining grave doubts and apprehensions for the future of the younger generation. For some reason, this future, which should hold unlimited opportunities, is not hopeful. We want to know the reason for this attitude.

One would need to explore into the remotest depths of history to find an age so wonderful and yet so pitiful as this perplexing time in which we live. It should be wonderful. Did not our forefathers, for centuries back, labour and toil, striving for that ideal state when men should have more leisure, women less drudgery, and the common people should be educated? Our present world has lessened the woman's drudgery, introduced shorter working hours, and provided education. Despite this, our condition is pitiful, because a great many people think their lot is even less preferable than it was formerly.

This prevailing condition, although serious, is surely exaggerated. Let us look back into America's history. When that country was just one hundred years old, it had a depression. A year or two later, a committee was appointed to study unemployment. That committee reached its conclusion and reported that the displacement of men by machines had been so great that *never* again could there be established anything approaching complete employment for all American labour. Yet, since that time, in a little over a half century, America advanced further than in the fifty preceding centuries, and enjoyed a prosperity at which the world still marvels.

To-day, many men are still condemning the machines. Why? Millions are employed in the automobile industry—in the making, the selling and servicing of large numbers of mechanisms—whereas fifty years ago there were none. Other 20th century wonders brought employment to thousands. Why should we suppose that our possibilities are exhausted? Is it not reasonable to expect that new industries will develop from the source where so many have already appeared as if by miracle?

Out at the Hoover Dam is being done a job larger than the Egyptian pyramids. It is being completed in a few years instead of in several lifetimes. It is working with electrical shovels, cableways, and other machinery, instead of an army of

straining slaves, bleeding under the lash. The machine has not robbed that vast imaginary multitude of work, for with hand labour the enterprise could not have been considered. As it is, there is a very respectable city of workers on the spot.

Human nature has not changed and the incentive to do better must be preserved. Since we have come so far, we must go on. Are we going to go back to those times when we had no modern conveniences? Are we going to sacrifice all that our ancestors have gained? That is to admit our inferior mentality.

Man is probably against the machine because of the present unemployment problem. This, he will say, is due to over-production. Over-production? If we have too much corn and wheat, too many apples and potatoes, too many foods of all kinds, then why must thousands go hungry? If there is too much coal, fuel, oil, and woollen mills, why, then, must anybody suffer from cold? If there is too much lumber, steel, copper, cement, hardware, too many carpenters, plumbers, painters, masons, and architects, why, then, must there be shabby houses? Why are whole families living in one room? Why don't we move the supplies to the part where they are needed? Because we have too many railroads, too many ships, too many trucks. It is wonderful that we should be able to satisfy all our needs. But it is pitiful that we are not satisfying those needs. We are hoping that the future will bring forth a system which shall solve this problem.

Let us consider employment. Why does the aspiring dentist, doctor, etc., meet with no prospect of employment when his training is completed? Thousands of people need medical attention. Tens of thousands need dental care. Surely we cannot truthfully say that the public shall not need these young men and women. In the future shall each need be satisfied?

Another of our great problems is disarmament. To disarm or not to disarm, is the question. After hundreds of years of lessons on the futility of fighting and bloodshed which has been proved to bring only devastation and ruin—after the last Great War—man still debates the question. Surely we are progressing. The League of Nations has been established, and that is a substantial reason for the belief that in the future we shall have peace, and peace leads to prosperity. Even now we should have disarmament but for fear.

Fear has always been one of the prime reasons for failure in any enterprise. We cannot set any fixed limit to the power of the mind over the body. Here is an amusing incident which serves to illustrate this point. The story is absolutely true, and is recorded by Boudoin.

A certain man, suddenly awakened from slumber, became conscious of the lack of fresh air. He rose and groped for the window. He found the pane, but searched hopelessly for the window-bolt. Almost stifling, he smashed the pane and stood there exhaling the air, until he had fully recovered. Next morning one of the items on his bill was: "Broken clockcase—4.55 francs."

We laugh at this, but our own petty, imaginary troubles seem so real to us. When we find a way of conquering this fear, our future will be obscure. Psychologists, doctors and scientists are working on this now. It is known, too, that understanding helps us to conquer fear. Surely we have reason to believe that we have improved our understanding and will continue to improve that understanding in the future.

This knowledge will increase the feeling of universal fellowship. We know that one of the causes of our present condition is the existing feeling of nationalism

PLAY UP! AND PLAY THE GAME

MR. LISHMAN

This may well be a motto for any institution where high ideals of sport are to grow and the true value is to be obtained from them. It is especially adaptable to people who are going into the business world, for all undertakings are like games to be played. Knowledge and zeal must exist for success in the pursuit of either.

The reason for the importance of the playing of the game rather than the winning of it, is that success is momentary, while playing is continuous. Too, more people are prone at present to enter games, so the true playing becomes even more necessary.

If one keeps his mind on the game in hand, he co-operates better with other members of the team, and success is more apt to result. Personal antagonism is also banished; the game is cleaner and the spectators enjoy the spectacle much better.

It is also a great satisfaction to know one has played cleanly and well at all times during the games of life, and starting this plan in school games goes a long way toward and honour and distinction for all who practise it.

Let us then express the hope that, as the High School of Commerce has started its games, debates and other competitive functions by always playing the game, this may continue to be our code for the future.

Let our ship float high from land to land,
Though beaten and buffeted on every hand,
We will reach the goal, for our aim is right;
Success is ours, we have won the fight;
Thus the Central High School of Commerce becomes a "name"
Enrolled with those who "play up! and play the game!"

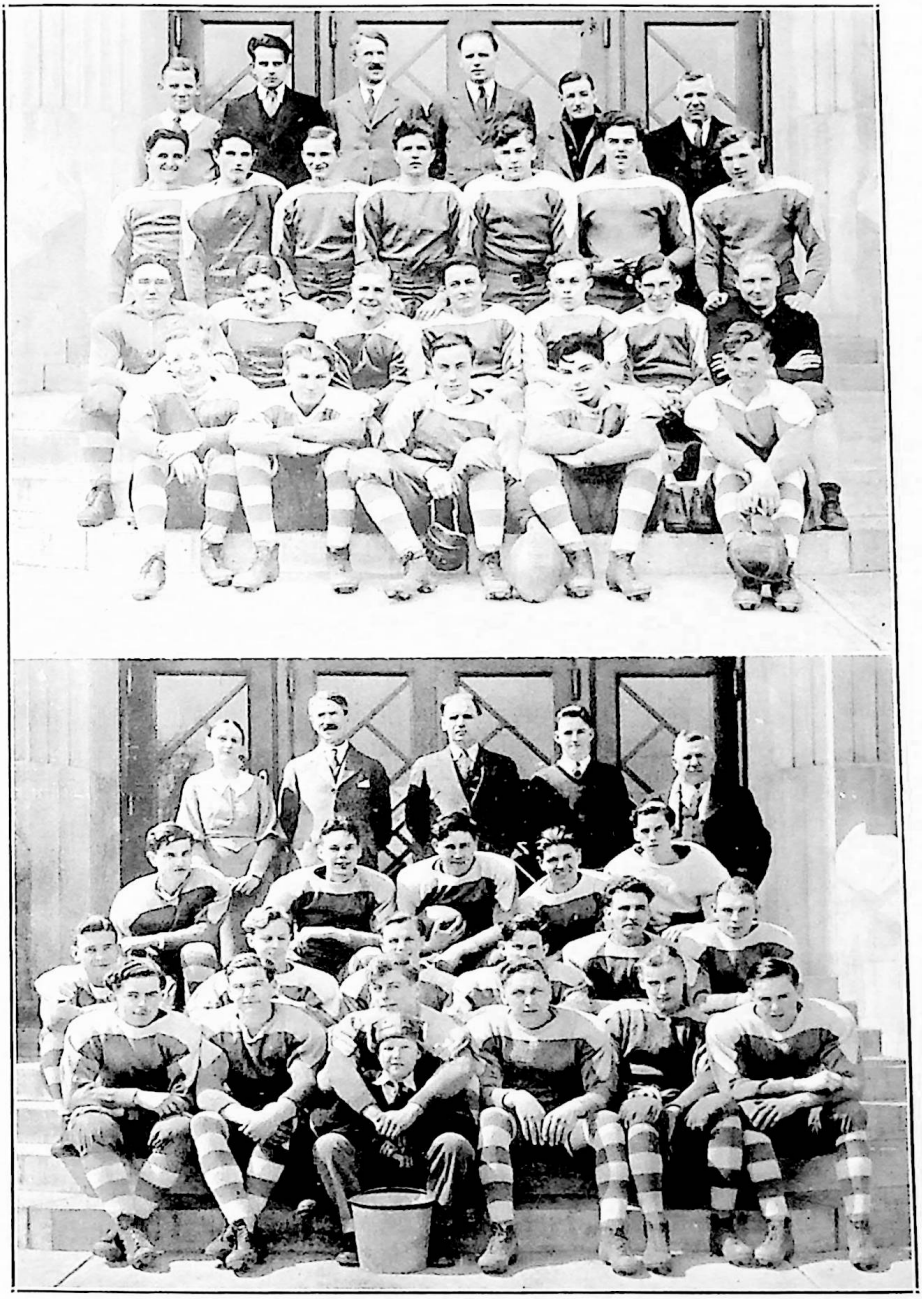
(Continued from previous page)

—the spirit of "every man for himself, every nation for itself"—nations are jealous of each other, greedy for wealth and power, ambitious to extend their national and commercial prestige, armed and vigilant on their frontiers, and fanatical in their worship of independence and pride. National egotism is still stronger than international reason.

What directs the course of history is a subject too vast for random comment. New luxuries and greater speed in the rhythm of life will not increase human happiness unless the mind and spirit of men and women are relieved of anxiety and strain, with some hopeful vision for the future.

I prefer to look upon our present troubles as an ordeal through which we must pass in order to reach a new knowledge and security, more solidly founded than any preceding one. Surely we can carry on the work of generations past—moving towards that ideal of the abolition of war, the betterment of the community, the sympathy and understanding of all nations, the improvement of health, and the banishment of fear. Out of these three years of depression shall come that which always follows the darkest hour—not the end of all things—but a beautiful and radiant dawn!

—AUDREY TAYLOR, 2Y.



TOP PICTURE

BOYS' JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Top row, left to right—E. Hall, L. Bowman, Mr. Millar, Mr. Lishman, J. Wilson, coach; Mr. Pugh. Second row, left to right—I. McGann, K. Dore, G. Armstrong, B. Lowe, E. Lucas, S. Hockley, A. Tarbutt. Third row, left to right—B. Codd, I. Gray, H. Seidenkranz, D. Pickard, G. Beith, G. Hill, L. Cole. Bottom row, left to right—W. Jeandron, N. Battersby, J. Brotherton, C. Feldman, H. Tabb.

BOYS' SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Top row, left to right—Miss Sheldon, Mr. Millar, Mr. Lishman, D. Hay, Mr. Pugh. Second row, left to right—C. Pusching, N. Tufford, E. Lampman, G. Laidlaw, B. Hyslop. Third row, left to right—J. Stewart, H. Smith, A. Wanger, F. Foulds, E. Hodson, F. Lentz. Bottom row, J. Jackson, G. Hodson, V. Gough, H. Osier, B. Pusching, J. Hutton, S. Beasley, mascot.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

JIM OSIER

With the opening of a new school, there are many things to be done the first year that, once having been done, lessen the work for each succeeding year. One important thing accomplished, we hope, this year was the building up of an interest in sports. From the number of spectators who turned out to see the various games of rugby, basketball and hockey, and the exhibition of wrestling, we are quite aware that a school spirit has been kindled. Let's keep it up!

The Senior Rugby Team just played exhibition games all season, as they felt they were not strong enough for interscholastic competition, being too young in comparison to the other teams. They have some very promising material for future teams. The starts of the season on the team were: J. Smith, Gough, Stewart and Wanger. Jimmy Wilson coached both rugby teams, and he certainly made a good job of it.

The Junior Rugby Team entered interscholastic competition. Although they didn't win a game, they are certainly going to be heard from before very long. Lowe, Battersby and McGann were outstanding all season. This sport is fast making headway at our school, and we hope to have a winning team in the next year or two.

Senior Rugby Team was:—Insides, Jackson and Pickard; middles, Lampman and E. Hodson; wings, Laidlaw and C. Smith; flying wing, J. Smith; quarterback, V. Gough; halfbacks, Stewart, Tocher, Wanger; substitutes, B. Pusching, Hyslop, G. Hodson, H. Smith, N. Tufford, H. Osier.

The games played were the following: Dundas vs. Commerce, Commerce vs. Dundas, Commerce vs. Saltfleet, Saltfleet vs. Commerce, Burlington vs. Commerce.

Junior Rugby Team had the following members: Insides, Beith and Codd; middles, Hockley and Lucas; wings, Grey and Dore; flying wing, R. Lowe; quarterback, Battersby; halfbacks, McGann, Hill, Armstrong; substitutes, Seidenkrantz, Bowman, Brotherton, Hall, Gendron, Tabb, Tarbutt.

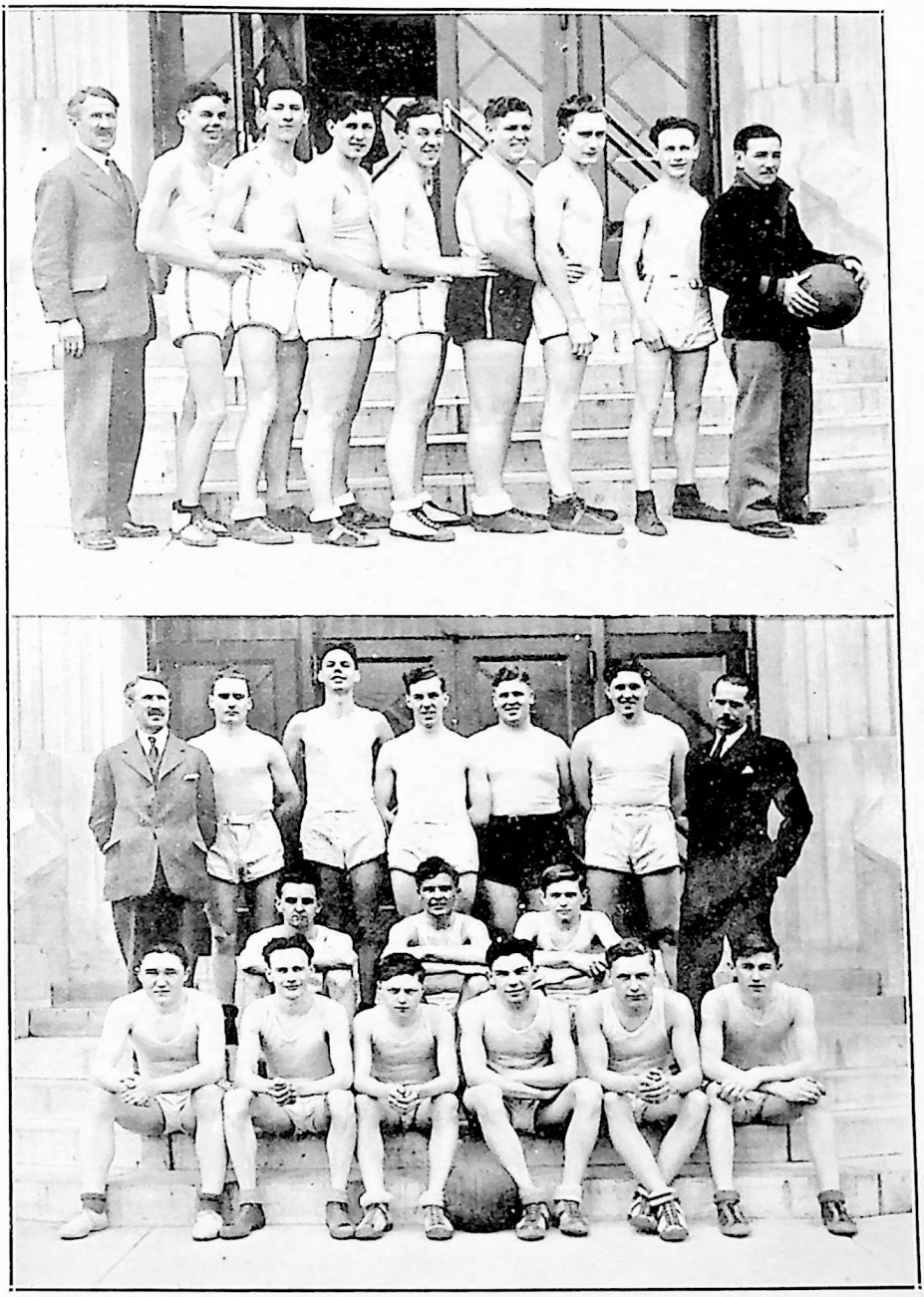
Their games were: Tech vs. Commerce, Delta vs. Commerce, Commerce vs. Tech, Commerce vs. Delta.

BASKETBALL

When the roll call came for basketball few players turned out for the Senior team to the practices. That did not worry our coach, Jimmy Wilson; he got the boys to work and whipped a team into shape which was going places. However, unfortunately for every league game, there was at least one member away with the "flu." We did not win a championship, but certainly popularized the game in the School, which is the start of a championship team. Our team finished in a tie for second place in our group.

The Senior Team consisted of the following: N. Tufford, centre; W. Bryant, forward; J. Osier, forward; A. Tocher, defence; E. Lampman, defence; H. Usher, defence; C. Paton, forward.

The games played were as follows: Tech vs. Commerce, Commerce vs. C.H.S., Commerce vs. Tech, C.H.S. vs. Commerce, St. George vs. Commerce, St. George vs. Commerce, Commercial vs. Delta, Delta vs. Commerce, Central vs. Commerce.



TOP PICTURE

Left to right—Mr. Millar, N. Tufford, A. Tocher, E. Lampman, J. Osier, H. Usher, B. Bryant, C. Patton, J. Wilson, Coach.

SECOND PICTURE

Top row, left to right—Mr. Millar, B. Bryant, N. Tufford, J. Osier, H. Usher, E. Lampman, Mr. Langford. Middle row, left to right—I. McGann, B. Lowe, B. Lavis. Bottom row, left to right—B. Codd, C. Paton, D. Shaw, C. Feldman, B. Osier, D. Harris.

Tocher, Tufford and J. Osier were outstanding all season. Next year we hope to have a winning team, but if we don't, it won't be from want of School Spirit or from trying.

The Commercial Junior Basketball Team was very strong for the first and for the number of players that turned out. Like the Senior Team, they did not get their stride until the middle of the season. Coach Wilson worked hard with the Junior, as he always does when he is coaching. The star of the season was Dave Shaw; he was the leading scorer for his team in every game that it played. Following close were Bob Lowe and Doug Harris. Our Junior Team will be an abundance of strength for the Senior Team of next year.

The Junior Team had the following members: R. Lowe, centre; C. Feldman, forward; D. Shaw, forward; B. Lavis, defence; D. Harris, defense; H. Osier, forward; T. McGann, forward; W. Codd, defence.

The games scheduled and played were: Tech vs. Commerce, Commerce vs. C.H.S., Commerce vs. Tech, C.H.S. vs. Commerce.

WRESTLING

Commerce is going in for all the sports on the market. Wrestling is rapidly gaining headway in our School as fast as any sport we have.

On March 17 a wrestling show was held in the Girls' Gymnasium. The H. Osier vs. V. Gough bout, first on the programme, was very good, with Gough pinning Osier twice. Then Bill Vogl and Don House hooked up, and this bout also was of high-class caliber, being called a draw, as neither man could gain a fall. Then came "Strangler Lucas" and Camponelli together, and that bout had the crowd on edge all the time. Both boys showed that if they keep at the sport they will be heard from again. Lucas used his strangle hold to advantage, but failed to get the decision, the bout being called a draw because of no falls. The last bout, also, kept the spirits of the crowd keyed up at a high pitch. It brought together Dick Johnson and Hugh Usher, 248 pounds and 235 pounds, respectively, for the heavyweight championship of the School. These two certainly put on an excellent exhibition, but Johnson proved the stronger, and his weight and strength advantage brought about the decision in his favour, gaining two falls in quick order.

A vote of thanks should go to Mr. Lishman, S. Smurlick, our genial announcer, and Dick Johnson, who did all they could to make the show the success it was.

HOCKEY

The line-up was composed of: Goal, Smurlick; left defence, V. Gough; right defence, J. Smith; centre, R. Larner; left forward, C. Smith; right forward, W. Mowatt; subs., B. Pusching, C. Pusching, F. Foulds, G. Hill, M. Baird, J. Brotherton.

The games played were: Commerce vs. Delta, Tech vs. Commerce, Commerce vs. Central, Westdale vs. Commerce, Grimsby vs. Commerce, Commerce vs. Grimsby.

For the first year in hockey, Commerce came through with flying colours. They finished the season in the play-offs, but then lost out to Westdale. The outstanding star of hockey was, without a doubt, Bill Mowatt; he figured in every scoring point the team made all season. The team played a wonderful brand of hockey all season and was always effective. Smurlick was always cool under every occasion in the nets. Commerce will be back next year bigger, better and stronger.

THE 'ROO

ARTHUR MANSON, ISA

TRY to conjure up the picture of a young boy—oh, very young—in fact from the serious expression on his face, from the way he holds his rifle in true hunting style over his shoulder, and from his careful, supposedly huntsman's walk, you can draw the conclusion that he is extremely young and "green."

The picture is that of myself on my first kangaroo hunt.

I remember the rifle was very uncomfortable, though I would be the last to admit it, and insisted in rolling off my shoulder. That this never happened to huntsmen in books, I was perfectly aware, but being young, I put it down to my inexperience.

Whether it was due to the fact that I was acting the part of a huntsman, or to just "sheer greenness," I managed to stalk into a "mob" of 'roos. The 'roo has an exasperating habit of standing as still as a rock, possibly wondering what in the blue heaven that guy wants. Not that I resented their amused intolerance, but they were very hard to see, as the colours of their coats blended with that of the trees in the "bush."

Perhaps they were as surprised as I was; anyway, they saw me first, and the first I knew of their presence was the loud "thump," "thump," "thump," of them speeding away in all directions—the 'roo makes a considerable noise when travelling.

It was now that, I regret to say, I forgot my rifle, my intention of shooting 'roos, and stood opened-mouthed, watching the big, brown creatures bounding away. Somebody told me the 'roos had an awkward movement, but I failed to see anything awkward in the free and easy muscular spring with which they bounded over logs and fences.

In a geographical or natural history book, there is ample description of the marsuptial commonly known as a kangaroo. Most people, having read these descriptions, know that the female 'roo carries her young in a pouch; that the animal jumps or hops along on powerful hind legs (they do not use their tail when travelling); and that it eats vegetation. Yet there is, apart from this common knowledge, a considerable amount of curious facts about this animal.

The kangaroo is only one of three different species of the marsupial of Australia. The ordinary kangaroo, the commonest, is grey in colour with a darker stripe down the back-bone, sometimes yellow, and when fully grown, it stands about five to six feet tall. Although the same shape, the "Wallaroo," the second of the species, is bigger by at least a foot when full-grown and is generally black or very dark grey in colour. It is faster and savager than the kangaroo, but not so prolific, and it is seldom that one sees a pure-bred wallaroo.

The last and the least of the species is the "Wallaby." This little fellow is the same as the 'roo, except for his colour and size. Of a beautiful russet red in colour, he is only about two to three feet in height; yet he is the most valuable because of the colour of his fur.

Commercially the 'roo is only valuable as a leather producer. The flesh is useless for consumption compared with mutton or beef, though the aboriginals wholly subsisted on the meat probably for thousands of years. The reason for this meat being useless is that the body of the kangaroo is very muscular, and hence the meat is tough.

The 'roo is carefully preserved by the government from extinction and stringent game laws are kept. In some districts, where the kangaroos become too plentiful, the government allows a two-month open shooting season to everybody who has land, enforcing no game license or rifle license. During this time the slaughter is almost wholesale, as everyone who has a rifle or gun—every Australian owns one and since there is no license needed—turns out. This may sound cruel, yet there is an argument for the rancher or station-owner.

Individually the 'roos are practically harmless, but when combined into big "mobs," from ten to two or three hundred, they can ruin a crop in a night, that is, in a scrubby hilly country or sheep country, as kangaroos will live in nothing else. Small settlers are often ruined by these mobs, who keep the man, with his sons and daughters, up all night scaring them off with fires, right from the time the grain shoots until it is ripe.

One can hardly blame the ranchers for the slaughter that ensues when the season is declared open. I heard one story of a rancher, who, exasperated by the damage they had done, procured, by some means, a machine gun. He mounted it on a car and let it "rat-tat-tat" into a mob of 'roos which his riders had mustered. The story would have ended well if a herd of cattle hadn't got in the way of the bullets that were flying wildly about the country and killed six cows, three steers, and two valuable bulls. How's that, Ripley?

The commonest way of shooting the 'roo for sport is by drives. I, being young and foolish, once partook in one, much to my regret. The poor scared animals were herded over a flat in front of our guns. Male and female, old and young, were carelessly shot down. It wasn't even a test of marksmanship; they were only fifty yards away. However, after all, if the farmers didn't do this, the 'roo would become a pest.

For sport, I find that lone hunting on foot with a .32 rifle in hilly country is by far the most commendable. The chances just about break even between hunter and hunted. Like all wild animals, the "roo has very quick sense of smelling, hearing and seeing, and until you learn to move quietly, keep with the wind, dress correctly, and above all use your eyesight, no result will be forthcoming. Eyesight is emphasized because, as I have said, a kangaroo will, from long experience, stand perfectly still watching you, the colour of his body blending with the scrub. Immediately the rifle bolt or safety-catch clicks, he's off like lightning. "Thump," "thump"; the noise is quite audible and a person with trained ears, if put to the ground, can hear them coming and going and sometimes procure a bag in that manner. An important principal is this: never run after them, because once they have been frightened, it is seldom you can get near the same mob that day. From experience, I find they have certain routes over the country by which they travel from place to place; they have special feeding grounds and special sleeping grounds which are easily found by the rubbed-spots amongst the leaves and sticks where they lie down.

Though the animal is not very savage, the leader of a mob, generally a big 'roo called an "old man," will show fight with his back against a tree and, reared on the end of his powerful tail, will keep a pack of dogs at bay. I heard of at least two men who were mauled and killed by a savage "old man."

One big "wallaroo, too old to run and hard-pressed by my dogs, backed against a tree and kicked with his huge taloned hind paws. Before I could reach the spot he had disembowelled one of my dogs and damaged another, and then he leapt into a pool (he had more than one bullet in him) and sank, leaving me without repayment for the dog.

A creek pool is a favourite retreat of a hard-pressed 'roo, a fact probably

(Continued on Page 42)

ALUMNI

Happy to meet and sorry to part.

BETTE MELLON

HAPPY IS RIGHT! How good it was to come back to our old friends at the beginning of each September, and how we talked over the pleasant days of the summer vacation! Then the three years were too quickly over and that old adventurous spirit called to us to get out into the world and see what it had in store for us. We were sorry to part with our fellow students, but the old saying, "The old order changeth," is indeed true, and so an end had to come to our school days at the High School of Commerce.

Those of our students who left before 1931—well, the best thing we can do is to surmise that they are either working or married. Nevertheless, the present students of the Central High School of Commerce wish them the best in health and luck in every thing they do.

Of those who left in the term of 1931-2, the following are working, and we take pleasure in hoping they are successful in their new positions: Estelle Alexander, Margaret Anderson, Freda Bendall, Andrew Davidson, Edwin Smith, Henrietta Ellis, Valeria England, Helen MacAulay, Jean Mann, Minnie McEwan, Mary Murray, Grace Smith, Lillian Sommerville, Mary Stechyshyn, Florence Veroche, Madge Urban.

The Technical Institute has claimed a few of our last year's students, and we certainly miss: Kathleen Allen, Irene Havers, Peggy Laver, Jack Smith.

The Central Collegiate Institute has also a share of our students of last year. Among those attending this collegiate are: Douglas Fairley, Patricia Garnett, Edna Miller.

Audrey Murdoch and Ruth Millward are now students at Delta Collegiate.

Many of our students have been attending night school, a very good pasttime, indeed. Good luck to: Martha Burnett, Doreen Creasor, Sheena Duff, Irene Gallie, Florence Hancox, Ethel Jaggers, Lily Miles, Joyce Newton, Mary Quaglia, Annie Smith, Nora Smillie, Lillian Sommerville, Muriel Spink, Violet Spring, Jeanne Turnball, Doreen Wiffin.

Reta Churchill and Dorothy Roadhouse are now training to become nurses; a very nice profession—for girls.

Many of the fair cities of Canada have adopted some of the students of other years:—

Irene Allsop has moved to Toronto.

Maurice Lebovitch has gone to New York.

Lillian Miller is now residing in Burlington.

London is the new home of Ruth Plewes.

Florence Roper is now attending Whitby College. Best of wishes, Florence.

Joan Hall is now abroad, and will she have stories for us!

Prize Poems

First Prize

TIME

Ever onward thro' the ages—
Ever since the world began—
From the Past unto the Present,
As the Infant to the Man,
Comes the march of Time, infinite,
Growing older day by day,
Moving forward, never ceasing,
Tho' the man return to clay.
Marching, marching, to the Future,
Never pausing in its stride,
Always living, always faithful
Like the seas returning tide.

Never stops for gold or silver,
Fortunes may be won or lost,
Never waits for poor decision,
Never stops to count the cost.
All the present will be future,
Due to Time's relentless toil,
None can rid him of his power,
Or the wage from him despoil.
Marching, marching, onward, onward,
Men degrade and men sublime,
Generations—Present, Future—
All make way for the march of Time!

—B. Randall, 1H.

Second Prize

NIGHT

Night is falling; on the way
Shadows crawling, slow and gray.
Sun is setting, dim rays glow
'Neath hills descending, there below.
Night birds crying, restless searching
Wheeling, turning, giddy lurching.
A dive into the forest deep,
Calm and still where creatures sleep.
A scream of fear, a frenzied rush,
A maddening chase through wrenching brush.
Cry of triumph, shriek of pain,
And then still night again does reign.
The moon creeps up to her lofty throne,
In her vast of void she reigns alone.
Few blinking stars, their radiance low,
Dimmed by her majestic glow;
Tall ragged trees, their tops held high,
Black in the white of studded sky;
Gurgling stream, a lilting tune,
Dripping from rock, and clinging spume;
Moan of the breezes, cool and soft,
Dancing through trees and dancing aloft;
Flash of the firefly, darting his way,
In forest depths, unlit by day;
Lap of the wave, on sandy shore,
Humbly calm, from the storm's fierce roar;
What secrets of Night does Nature keep,
While we poor mortals lie in sleep!

—G. Laidlaw, 1H.

JOE OLSANSKI

Music! No school can be complete without music, and ours is certainly not without it! Judging by the performance of the members of our orchestra (and by the harmony heard sometimes at noon from the boys' cafeteria) we have varied talent among the pupils.

The orchestra was started in November by Miss R. Wood, and the following committee was elected: Honourary president, Miss R. Wood; president, Joe Olsanski; secretary, Bernice Grisch; treasurer, Stanley Butler.

Miss Lenore Rubens kindly consented to lead the orchestra, and under her talented direction the orchestra has grown in size and gives promise of being a credit to our School.

The first performance of the orchestra in public was at Commencement, on February 17, the programme given being greatly appreciated by the audience. On that occasion there also appeared a double vocal trio and quartet, composed of students, who delighted the audience with their songs.

A musicale was held on February 22nd, in the auditorium of the Technical Institute, with Mr. F. G. Millar, principal of our school, as chairman. A satisfactory amount of money was raised at this time. After a brief introduction by Mr. Millar, a very enjoyable programme of music was given.

On March 23rd, the H. S. C. String Trio, Reta Rubins, Bernice Grisch and Joe Olsanski, supplied the music which was necessary to make the programme complete for a play presented by the Dramatic Committee of our school.

A humble beginning, perhaps, but enough has been done to justify our hopes that those who are interested in music may find that the Central High School of Commerce will not be found wanting in this respect.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB

Early in the fall term a meeting was called to form a club of those students interested in studying the plays of Shakespeare.

Much to our delight, a large number turned out, and we elected a committee, headed by Jack Connor, the leading literary-light of the school and a great exponent of Shakespeare. At this point we might also express our gratitude to Joe Olsanski for the very fine posters designed for the club meetings.

The committee chose the plays and also the members who were to read parts at each meeting.

We began with the comedies, enjoying thoroughly "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," "Much Ado About Nothing," and others; also some notable tragedies, including the seldom read "Othello." At one meeting, through the kindness of Dr. Wingfield, we were able to see lantern views of the new Shakespeare theatre and scenes of Stratford-on-Avon.

Altogether we feel the meetings have been most worthwhile, having made us much better acquainted with the remarkable works of that greatest of all dramatists, William Shakespeare, and we hope to continue next year with an even larger group of Shakespeare enthusiasts.

DRAMATIC COMMITTEE

On Thursday, March 23, in the auditorium of the Technical Institute, the Dramatic Society, with the help of the Girls' Athletic Society and the Music Committee, presented a short programme of musical selections, folk dances and a one-act play. The cast of the play was chosen from Form 2E, and included the following girls: Grace Goddard, Sadie Robinson, Kay Fox, Gwynville Jones, Irene Hughes, Eileen Munson, Arlene Day, Jessie Weir and Reta Davidson. This first attempt on the part of the Dramatic Society was a success, and the committee is encouraged to hope that the interest aroused may be increased and that next year many more enjoyable plays will be given.

learned by experience from the days when the wild dog called a "dingo" chased them. Any dog that, in his excitement, leaps into the pool after the 'roo dies a watery death, a mighty sweep of the 'roo's hind paw pushing him under.

A baby 'roo, if caught when very young, will make a very affectionate pet. The only drawback is that when young he needs very careful attention, warm blankets at night and milk; and even then he might die of loneliness. I had the pleasure of meeting two of these civilized gentlemen but, though they showed considerable trust and even allowed their owner to stroke their backs, they shivered and chattered somewhat like a monkey when I approached them. Remember, I am not recommending them for drawing-room pets: they are meant for plenty of open space, for they will leap an eight-foot fence with ease, and can race at forty miles an hour for about a hundred yards.

BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Top row, left to right—Mr. Millar, J. Smith, Mr. Lishman, C. Smith, Mr. Hudson. Second row—C. Pushing, B. Mowat, G. Hill, M. Baird, J. Brotherton, R. Larner. Bottom row—D. McCreadie, A. Wanger, V. Gough, S. Smurlick, F. Foulds, B. Pusching.

FRANCAIS FACILE

MISS SMITH AND MR. FOUCAR

VIENS, PRINTEMPS

O viens, viens, gentil Printemps,
Viens sourire à nos douze ans.
Dans nos coeurs et dans les airs
Fais vibrer tes doux concerts.
Viens semer dans les buissons
Les oiseaux et les chansons.
Fais éclore au sein des fleurs
Les Parfums et les couleurs.
Verse tes rayons joyeux
Sur la trre et dans les cieux.

O CANADA, MON PAYS, MES AMOURS

Comme le dit un vieil adage,
Rien n'est si beau que son pays,
Et de le chanter c'est l'usuage,
Le mien je chante à mes amis.
L'étranger voit avec un oeil d'envie
Du Saint-Laurent le majestueux cours,
A son aspect le Canadien s'écrie:
O Canada, mon pays, mes amours.

CHANSON DU CROCODILE

Un crocodile, en partant pour la guerre,
Fait ses adieux à ses petits enfants;
Traînant sa queue, sa queue dans la poussière (dust).
Le crocodile est mort, n'en parlons plus:
C'est le cro-, le cro-cro-cro-, le crocodile,
Qui est mort au bord du Nil
N'y pensons plus; n'en parlons plus.

CORRECTION

La maitresse écrit sur le tableau noir: Le cheval et la vache est dans l'étable (stable).

Ensuite elle demande a la classe: Qui peut me dire où est la faute dans cette phrase?

Moi-dit une des jeune filles; il faut écrire: La vache et le cheval est dans l'etable, parce que les dames passent toujours les premières.

AU TELEPHONE

M. Simon. Allo! Allo! (turns the handle). Je voudrais parler à Monsieur Besnard. Que dites-vous? son numéro? je ne le sais pas, je vais regarder dans le registre-surtout ne coupez pas la communication pas . . . (He looks it up in a book). Allo! Allo! (turns the handle). Bon; voilà qu'on a coupé la communication! c'est insupportable! (turns the handle). Allo! Allo! je voudrais Monsieur Besnadr. No. 1597—non ce n'est pas cela, je vous dis (shrieking). 1597—97—7. Cela y est-il? 1597. Monsieur Besnard.—(Waits a little). C'est enervant de telephoner. Allo! Allo! Monsieur Besnard y est-il? Je vous demande si Monsieur Besnard y est? Je ne comprends pas ce que vous dites, parlez plus distinctement, s'il vous plait. Je n'entends rien, ne criez donc pas comme cela, vous m'etourdissez. Il faut parler clairement, lentement et non crier. Allo! Allo! Monsieur Besnard est-il chez lui? Qui, je voudrais lui parler. Il est en robe de chambre? Cela ne fait rien. On ne voit pas par le téléphone—on entend—et pas toujours—encore. Allo! Allo! Monsieur Besnard? Ah! bonjour, Monsieur Besnard, je reconnais votre voix. Vous allez bien? At! tant mieux, tant mieux. Et Madame Besnard? elle est enrhumée? Je le regrette. Et comment va Bébé?—vous ne m'entendez pas . . . Comment va Bé-bé? Parfaitement? a la bonne heure. Je voulais seulment m'informer de votre santé et de celle de votre famille. Nous? oh, cela va tout doucement—à ce soir? n'est-ce pas? Vous viendrez faire votre whist? Bien—tres bien. Au revoir . . . (turns the handle).

UN BON CONSEIL

Len—Je ne peux pas trouver des mots pour vous exprimer tout mon amour.

Elle—Pourquoi n'achetez—vous pas un dictionnaire?

DES PEINTRES

L'un—Comment, vous critiquez ma peinture et vous ne savez pas tenir un pinceau (brush).

L'autre—Ce n'est pas ne'cessairs de sarvoir peindre pour se rendre compte qu' un tableau ne vaut rien! Je sens bien quand un veuf est mauvais et pourtant je ne ponds pas.

A DAY IN A GERMAN SCHOOL

LILLIAN ANDERSON, 2D

Eight o'clock! School bells ringing! Pupils marching into the Assembly Hall!

Yes, that is the beginning of a day in a German school. Woe betide the tardy pupil! If she were not in her place in the hall at eight o'clock sharp, she was counted late and her parents were notified of this fact. After a ten-minute interval of prayers and Bible reading, the pupils returned to their classes.

School lasted from eight o'clock until four o'clock every day, even on Saturday. There were six periods a day, the periods being forty-five minutes in length, with a recess of ten minutes between each period. School began on September 1 and ended on May 31—there were three months of carfree holidays!

How did the girls dress? Each girl had to wear a navy blue dress, with white cuffs and collars, and a black silk apron tied with a bow at the back and a black bow on the hair. The Winter coats were also of dark blue material, with blue and white stripes on the collar and cuffs. With this the pupils wore a navy blue hat, with white stripes, and a school pin. If any girl came to school without a uniform, she was sent home. Red bows were worn only on Saturdays.

On starting to school, each pupil was given a card, on which was written her name, the name of the school, and the rules to be followed. No pupil could go to the show alone and no pupil could be seen on the street after nine o'clock unless with his parents.

Each pupil in the class had a diary, in which she had to write each subject and what she had to do for the next day. The teacher looked over each diary every Saturday. If any home-work was not done, she would write this in the diary, and also remarks on untidy books and bad conduct. This diary was signed by the pupil's parents.

The pupils did not have their own separate desks, but had a long table which was divided among six girls. They were crowded, it was true, but there were many pupils and only few classes. Even at the final examinations, the pupils were not separated, because the teachers depended on the honesty of the pupils. There were no Christmas or Easter examinations; only the year's work counted for promotion.

Many German schools were private schools, as this one was, and the boys had their own schools. School fees had to be paid, $10 each months. Books had to be bought; they were not given by the school.

★ ★

ON COMMERCIAL

(Tune: Vive La Compagnie)

Our team is all ready to make us a goal,
Vive Commercial High.
Twelve husky lads all ready to go,
Vive Commercial High.
With colours a-flying,
Our spirits afire,
With courage undying,
We will never tire.
Sing us a song, cheer us along,
Vive Commercial High.

—L. Bowman, 2 F.

Social

NORA ASHWORTH

SOCIAL NEWS

Vas you dere, Sharlie? Vere? Why at the tea dances held at the Central High School of Commerce! No! Well, you certainly missed some good times!

Under the splendid leadership of Miss Marshall and Mr. Foucar, the Social Committee has held three tea dances up to the present writing, and another one is to be held during the month of May.

The student members of this committee have worked hard to make these affairs a success, and what a financial, as well as a social success, they have been! Margaret Stanhope, Betty Hamilton, Evelyn McMurtry, John Smith, George Scrymgeour and Herb Wagstaffe deserve special mention for their untiring endeavours to "put across" a real dance. Credit is also due to some of the students of the Art Department for their attractive posters.

At the first tea dance, held on November 18, in the Girls' Gymnasium, over five hundred of the students and their friends enjoyed the music of Jack Henderson's Orchestra. Delighted at the enthusiasm with which this social time was received, the committee in charge held two more dances, one on February 10 and the other on March 31. Fred Elliot's Orchestra proved a great attraction at both of these dances.

On Thursday, December 22, a complimentary dance was given for the students of the school only. Bernice Grisch, an accomplished member of the committee, played the music at this informal gathering.

May 12 is the date of our last tea dance for this school year, and we again hope to swell the coffers of the Students' Council as we have done on the past three occasions.

INITIATION

On Thursday and Friday, October 27 and 28, the first initiation of the Central High School of Commerce was held.

The "Freshies" came to school dressed in the following costume: Green hair ribbons (extra large); blue and white paper, barber-pole fashion, around their legs; coats on backwards; bibs; coats on backwards and no cosmetics. The Third-Formers led them a terrible life for those two days.

On Friday night the First-Formers were asked to come in masquerade costumes. They were led down the Hall of Torture; but, as they were not supposed to tell what happened to them, the many things cannot be enumerated here.

They took an oath of allegiance to our country and our school. There were prizes offered for the prettiest costume and the funniest costume. The first was won by Blanche Reyburn, in an old-fashioned costume; the second, by Harriet Wallace, in a ghost's costume. The prizes for the best song, yell and stunt were won by 1B, 1A and 1E, respectively. The judges were Mr. Millar and Miss Fitzsimmons. The rest of the evening was passed in games and dancing.

The Seniors made up for all the bad hours they had made the "Freshies" put in by serving refreshments. The first initiation was voted a decided success.

ON TALL TALES

HAROLD TABB

TALL tales! As though our blood has received some elixir, our whole being becomes animated and we are ready to listen breathlessly to the hero of the evening who nonchalantly tips his chair back, fills and lights his pipe and then unravels his store of tales of adventure, romance, war, heroism, daring, diplomacy, or the thousand other topics a story teller dwells upon.

It is a sad thing nowadays that, with the gradual disappearance of the family fireside gatherings after the evening meals, many story-tellers are unable to find audiences. Recall those nights seated around the smoky campfire with a blanket wrapped around you to keep away the chill winds and perhaps the ghostly legions with which the story-teller captivates our imagination. How the narrator seems to cast a spell over you and bring forth his magic procession of nobility, peasants, soldiers, sailors and mythical gods. Perhaps your story-teller is rather morbid this evening and departs from his usual trend and chills your blood with some hair-raising tale of blood lust. Perhaps a silvery moon on some lake or river incites him to weave a spell of the sea, some tale of the wanderlust which grips most people some time during their life-time. Then with tall trees to represent his ships and their masts, he will raise gales to imperil the ship of his story or dead calms to start some mutiny.

To our fellow countrymen in Quebec we must turn an appreciative ear, for in the homes of the habitants, age-old legends are told over again to some new audience who nevertheless appreciate the tale as their grandfathers did. Perhaps the colporteur or travelling salesman is the man who narrates the tale of some mysterious loup-garou, flying canoe or some other ageless legend dear to the heart of the French-Canadian. The art of story-telling was not always the saving grace of the habitants, however; it was partly originated by the courier-de-bois, the care-free son of the farmer or governing class who, sick of the artificialty of the life of the cities, took to the forests paths in order to live a free, unrestrained life. From the Indian lodges these trappers gleaned many old tales which had no doubt been told through the smoke of the council-pipe.

Even from the land of the Midnight sun the tiny Eskimo recounts his ancient taboos or laws. Perhaps an Eskimo does not interest us with his speel, but his native environment is enough to impress anyone. Aurora Borealis, the uncanny way in which all the huskies get together at a certain time at night and howl at the moon, and the unexplained way a reindeer can obtain his food from snow-covered land, all tend to imbue our minds with fleeting glimpses of the mythical.

However, in our saddest moments, we look to the radio to bring us our fill of amusing stories, jokes and whatever other entertainment that formerly was told across the campfire or the hearth in our forefathers' homes.

Poetry

A SMILE AND A TEAR

A smile and a tear is all my life,
A smile of joy and a tear of strife.
A smile to cheer me when I'm sad,
A tear to know the bliss I've had;
A smile to lighten all my care,
A smile with some true friend to share;
A smile to make the day seem bright,
Or make me love some simple sight.
A tear to make me feel the bliss
Of some sweet something that I miss;
A tear to make me know the joy
So that I will not love destroy.
Simple smiles and simple tears,
Are all I ask for, all my years.

—Bill Randall, 1H.

JIG SAW JAM

1933 has seen
This world's latest fad,
Enough to stir a happy home
And drive a poor man mad.
'Tis not a thrilling mystery
Of Foo Man Choo or such,
Or scientific Sherlock Holmes
That has us in its clutch.
It's just a scattered jig saw,
Of tiny painted parts,
That drives us on throughout the day
And nearly breaks our hearts.
Portly matrons spurn the call
For bridge and luncheons sweet,
"I'm sorry, dear, I can't accept,
My jig saw's half-complete!"
Old men discard their chess-board game,
Pleasure it no longer brings;
His friends just glimpse his jig saw box,
And promptly doff their things.
Young ladies have a new excuse
When detained upon a date,
"So sorry, Eddie, but you see,
That jig saw kept me late!"
E'en babies in their little cribs
For jig saks they now yell,
They like to see the tiny parts
And, boy, the paint tastes swell.
And even the flag-pole sitter now,
The chap who seldom sleeps,
Asks for this week's latest jig saw,
And cries, "I'm here for keeps!"
They say that even Mahatma Ghandi
Is silent in his lair,
But just between us two, I think
His jig saw keeps him there.
Ah me, the world is surely gone
Insane, against the law
When men will fool with bits of wood,
But hand me my old jig saw.

—G. Laidlaw, 1D.

THINK IT OVER

Since I have taken some bucks of life,
I've changed my point of view,
For life is a bed of roses
For only a chosen few.

The most of us worry and suffer,
And happiness follows the pain
Just like in the magic of Nature
The sunshine follows the rain.

Why should we worry and suffer?
Why should we shed the tears,
And be only wrecks at the end of the Road,
The Price of a few short years?

Let's do away with all sorrow,
Bring back the bliss that has fled,
Let us taste joy while we're living,
And let us shed tears when we're dead.

—B. Randall, 1H.

MIDSUMMER MOONLIGHT

At twelve o'clock on a summer night,
On a beach across the bay,
You can see the campfires burning red,
And the sparks leaping up and away.

The city's white lights are like glittering pearls,
The red ones like rubies rare;
It would almost seem that a jewel box has spilled,
And the rubies and pearls rolled there.

Above is the silvery moon afloat,
The water's as clear as glass;
The sailboats are silhouetted against the sky
Making no sound when they pass.

Out over the water so calm and so clear
The sound of singing floats
From the campers who sit by the campfires bright,
And those who glide by in their boats.

A fish leaps out of the water clear,
Its sides flashing silvery white;
And slowly the singing fades away on the breeze
As the campers bid each other good night.

Those nights the campers won't easily forget,
As around the campfires they sat;
For of all the beautiful scenes on the earth,
Surely, few can compare with that.

—Nellie Ruthven, 3A.

Bill Codd 3C

Autographs

Ella Long Ford
H. M. Dodds
A. V. Hudson
Emma J. McCaig
H. C. Elliott
Evalena Ferguson
C. A. Stewart
D. D. Kitchener
W. J. Tolmie
Marion Sweatman

Helen Bentley 3. A.
Ruby Blampied also
Violet Ketchen 3. A.
Edythe Zeiss 3A
Jo. Marg. Newman
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Bill Stevens

Debating and Oratory

Dorine Smith

SINCE the ability to present one's views and express one's thoughts clearly and forcibly is recognized as a valuable asset in the business world of today, the art of public speaking has an important place in the curriculum of the modern school.

This term has been marked by an extensive program of oratorical contests and debates which have proven beyond a doubt that there is much talent in our ranks. Keen competition, good sportsmanship and fine co-operation between students and teachers served to make this branch of school work a most pleasant one. All classes held preliminary oratorical trials before selecting room representatives for the inter-class contests.

In the first form oratoricals, each class had three representatives. The schedule and resulting decisions of the judges is listed:—

1A vs. 1C ..... winner 1A
1B vs. 1F ..... winner 1B
1E vs. 1G ..... winner 1E
1D vs. 1H ..... winner 1H

By a series of eliminations, 1A and 1H remained to compete for first position. The result was that 1A contestants were declared the premier orators of the first forms. The interesting and well-told topics which won this honour were as follows: "Travel in Rome," by Marjorie Thompson; "China and Her People," by Lillian Marsh; "The Royal Canadian Mounted Police," by Marjorie Ferguson.

The second form oratorical programme was keenly contested by the eight second form classes. In this contest the classes competing and the results were as follows:—

2A vs. 2B ..... winner 2B
2C vs. 2D ..... winner 2D
2E vs. 2F ..... winner 2E
2G vs. 2H ..... winner 2H
2B vs. 2D ..... winner 2B
2E vs. 2H ..... winner 2H

The final contest was between 2B and 2H. Marie Intini, speaking on "The Economic Depression," Roma Blake with an article on "Frankenstein," and Yvonne Harrison, discussing "Winter Sports in Canada," spoke as the representatives of 2B, and were declared the winners over 2H, which class was represented by Daisy Coppens, Jennie Okuloski and Annie Gauld.

Many interesting and momentous subjects were debated by the third form students in the inter-class competitions, the particulars of which are given below:—

3A's team, comprised of Nora Ashworth and Margaret Jones, challenged 3C—Jean Moffat and Phyllis Digby. The topic was, "Resolved that there should be free trade between United States and Canada." The judges' decision favoured 3C's orators, who had upheld the negative side.

3D, represented by Rose Tick and Dorothy Cox, debated against Joe Olsanski and Jack Connor of 3E, in the topic, "Resolved that depression is a benefit to mankind." The affirmative side—3E—was awarded the decision in this instance.

3B's team of Bessie Walters and Shirley Fulkerson debated against 3E—Joe Olsanski and Jack Connor—the topic being, "Resolved that the immigration policy of Canada is too restricted."

3E now challenged 3C, Jean Moffat and Phyllis Diby, in the argument, "Resolved that Ireland should withdraw from the British Empire." The favourable decision was awarded to 3E, which had supported the negative side.

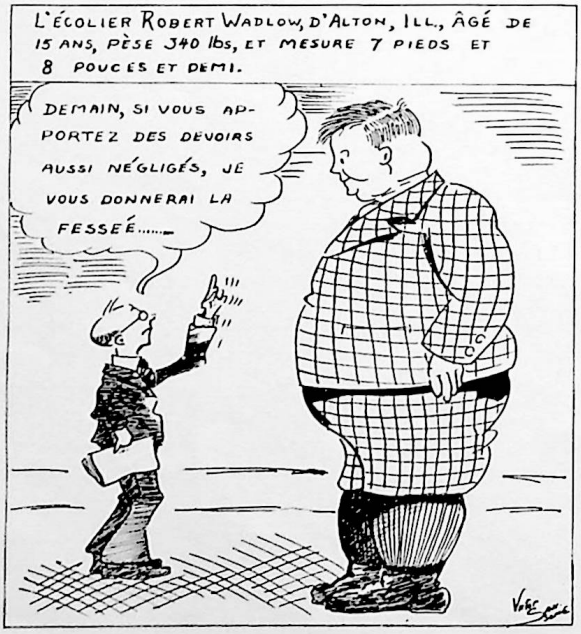
As a result of three successive victories, Joe Olsanski and Jack Connor of Class 3E have the honour of begin the winners in the third form.

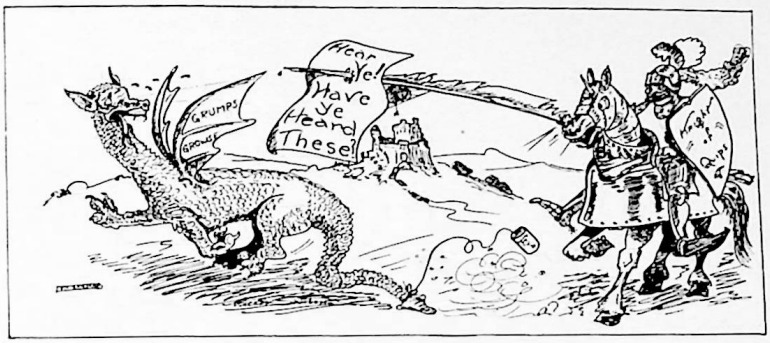
Inter-Scholastic Debates

The only inter-scholastic debate in which our school participated this term was held in the Normal School on January 30. The topic, "Resolved that medical service, including hospital treatment, should be free and under the same type of government control and support as education," was ably upheld by Sheldon Carroll and Victoria Taylor, of the Normal School, for the negative side, and Dorine Smith and Harold Tabb, of the High School of Commerce, on the affirmative. Normal School won the decision by a small margin, thus eliminating our school from the contest. We hope to be in the run for a longer period next year.

The climax of the debating season was reached on Thursday, April 6, when William Bryan and Warren Lynch of the Cathedral High School, and Harry Thoman and Norman Tucker of the Technical Institute, debated the subject, "Resolved that the two great railway systems of Canada should be amalgamated, and the control of both should be under the Canadian Pacific Railway." Much credit is due the contestants for the excellent manner in which they upheld their respective sides. They were so evenly matched that it was with great difficulty the judges awarded the decision to Cathedral High School, thus entitling them to the trophy for the fourth year.

Congratulations, Cathedral High!


L'ÉCOLIER ROBERT WADLOW, D'ALTON, ILL., ÂGÉ DE 15 ANS, PÈSE 340 lbs, ET MESURE 7 PIEDS ET 8 POUCES ET DEMI.
DEMAIN, SI VOUS APPORTEZ DES DEVOIRS AUSSI NÉGLIGÉS, JE VOUS DONNERAI LA FESSÉE.....



JACK CONNOR

THIRD FORM AND ONE YEAR SPECIAL

Joke Editor: And these are your own jokes?

Aspirant: Yes, I made them up myself.

John Editor: Well, you must be a great deal older than you look.

Evelyn Hughes pulled her car up at the garage and beamed sweetly at the proprietor.

"Do you charge batteries here?" she asked.

The man touched his cap politely.

"Yes, madam," he replied.

"Oh, good!" Evelyn replied. "Then will you put a new one in this car and charge it to my father?"

Marjorie Rice was very worried. Seven times she had worked the same long sum, and seven times Mr. Elliott had told her it was wrong, and made her try again.

Now Marjorie, with a hopeful look on her face, presented her eighth attempt.

Mr. Elliott glanced at it, and smiled sympathetically.

"I'm very sorry, Miss Rice," he said, "but it's still two cents out."

Wearily Marjorie reached for her purse and held out two coppers.

"Here you are, sir," she said, "I'll pay the difference!"

Miss McCoig (to a new scholar: "How does it happen that your name is Lancaster and your mother's name is Murphy?"

Kay Lancaster (after a moment's thought): "Well, you see it's this way: She married again and I didn't."

Mr. Langford: "What would you call a person who pretends to known everything?"

3A (tout ensemble): "A teacher!"

Nora Ashford: "What did you have this morning?"

Anne Skinner: "A guessing contest."

Nora: "I thought Mr. Hudson gave you an Economics exam."

Anne: "So he did."

Doreen Smith: "What are you standing up for/"

Verna Fleming: "I can't sit down in this dress."

Doreen: "Why not?"

Verna: "Because it is not satin."

Mr. Elliott (rather proudly): "We have 2,000 students in our new High School of Commerce."

Mary B.: "Including me or before I came?"

Mrs. Carter: "I hope you didn't take a second piece of cake at Doreen's party."

Hazel: "No, Ma, I took two pieces the first time."

Anne B. (playing bridge): "How would you girls get along without me!"

Rose T. (playing bridge): "Easy to get another dummy."

Mary S.: "Why doesn't baby talk, father?"

Father: "He can't talk yet, dear; babies never do."

Mary S.: "Oh, yes, they do! Nurse read to me out of the Bible how 'Job cursed the day he was born.'"

Mother: "You'd better go to bed, Norma, I won't be finished till late. I have to put on my vanishing cream now, and it will take a long time."

Norma: "But, mother, I want to see you vanish."

Teacher: "Fools can ask questions that no wise man could answer."

Ruby G.: "No wonder we didn't pass our exams."

Teacher: "Who was the Black Prince?"

D. Cox: "The son of old King Cole."

Olive Chappell (singing): "And for Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die."

Mr. Elliott: "Is Miss Laurie in the audience?"

Miss McCoig: "Katherine, how many times have I told you to be at school on time?"

K. Scullion: "I don't know. I thought you were keeping score."

Mr. Foucar: "What is a niche in a church?"

B. Hawkey: "Same as anywhere else, only you can't scratch it so easily."

Doctor to M. Sparrow: "You should get at least eight hours of sleep every day."

M. Sparrow: "How can I when we only have five hours of school."

Bill Codd, an ardent sailor, was home after a long voyage, and his grandmother wanted to hear of the wonders of the deep.

"Well, granny," said Bill, "the first thing that surprised me was the flying fish."

"Flying fish!" exclaimed granny. "Now, Bill, don't try to gull me with such cock-and-bull stories. Tell me something true."

"Well, then," continued Bill, "we had to cast anchor in a calm crossing the Red Sea, and when we hauled up the anchor we found one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels attached to it!"

"Ah," said granny, "that's gospel truth, Bill! But none of your flying-fish yarns for me!"

Jack Stuart and Norm Tufford were travelling north together in Jack's car when they were held up by road bandits.

"Come on," said the chief bandit, "hand over all your money." A sudden flash of inspiration came to Jack. He took his last remaining five-dollar bill from his pocket and turned to his friend.

"Here, Norm," he said, "this is that money I owe you. Now I'm out of your debt."

Jack Connor: "How far are you from the correct answer?"

Harold Tabb: "Two seats."

Mr. Pugh: "What's the formula for water, Gray?"

Tom: "H I J K L M N O."

Mr. Pugh: "What's that?"

Tom slowly repeats the letters.

Mr. Pugh: "Where did you get that idea?"

Tom: "You, sir. You said yesterday it was H to O."

Miss Wilson: "Who did your algebra homework?"

Walter B.: "Dad did, but I helped him."

THIRD FORMS AND ONE YEAR SPECIAL

Dorothy Little: "No, I simply couldn't wear this coat; it is too tight."

Salesman: "Pardon me, Madam, but I've shown you all our stock now. That's your own coat you have on."

Hotel Keeper: "Mr. Feldman, come over here and look at this marvellous rainbow."

Cecil (cautionsly): "How much extra is it?"

Mr. Kay's son, Bert, his school honours thick upon him, intended to teach the world in general, and his father in particular, the manner in which modern commerce should be conducted.

"You may rely on me, father," Bert said on his first day at the office. "I will devote my whole life to the interest of the business. It will be my ambition to keep the family name free from stain."

"That's the spirit," said his father. "Ask the office boy for some polish and go and clean the brass name plate on the main door."

Grimes: "What is the difference between a lazy dog, and an incline?"

Henderson (as usual): "I don't know."

Grimes: "One is a slow pup and the other is a slope up."

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CLASS GROUP

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Cunningham

3 JAMES N.

Usher (at the beach): "Do you let out bathing suits?"

Clerk: "We'll have to if you are going to get one."

Miss Marshall: "Why do you suppose it's so hard for me to make you understand me?"

W. O'Brien: "I—I can't think."

Miss Marshall: "That's the reason."

QUITE A PUZZLE

It has always been a puzzle to me
What the sailors sow when they plough the sea—
Does coffee go with the roll of a drum?
And why is a speaking likness dumb?
What was it made the window blind?
Whose picture is put in a frame of mind?
When a storm is brewing, what does it brew?
Does the foot of a mountain wear a shoe?
Can a drink be got from a tap on the door?
Does the edge of the water cut the shore?
How long does it take to hatch a plot?
Has a school of herring a tutor or not?
Can butter be made from the cream of a joke?
Have you ever perused a volume of smoke?
Who is it fixes the teeth of a gale?
To a king who reigns, why shout, "O! Hail!"?
With a powder puff is one's mind made up?
Does a saucer go with misery's cup?
Can you fasten a door with a lock of hair?
Did a biting wind ever bite you and where?
Who is it that paints the signs of the times?
Does the moon change her quarters for nickels or dimes?
What tune do you play on your feelings pray?
And who is it mends the break of day?
And say—I'll admit this is quite absurd—
When you drop a remark, do you break your word?
Can a rope be made of ocean strands?
Have the silent midnight watches hands?
Can you cut a log with a wise old saw?
Does the cup that cheers cry "Hip! Hurrah!"?
Can money be tight when the change is loose?
Now, what, ye wise acres, what is the use
Of going through college and taking degrees
When we're posed by such plain little problems as these?

MASCULINE RESUME - 3 E

NAME	ALIAS	SPECIALTY	AMBITION	RESULT	HANG-OUT
Canary	Dickie	Curly hair	Bookkeeper	Sad look	314, 314
Hill	Josh	Ties	Chauffeur	Garage boy	? ?
Robins	Donny	Right Answer	Poet	Sleep walker	Sofa
Butler	Stanley	Literature	Scholar	Frowned upon	School
Olsanski	Reta	Nuisance	Musician	H.S.C. orchestra	Outside door
Tabb	Alex	Secretaries	None	Editor	Locker near physics
Connor	Chiseller	Spats	Bachelor	Messes	Cafeteria
Stuart	Speed	Lateness	To be on time	Det. room	Sanctum
Codd	Toddle	Innocence	Economic Teacher	Pessimistic	Gym
Straight	Lawd Sid	Writing	Women hater	Ladies' escort	Unknown
Jeandron	Goldylocks	Dancing	To shave	Harless Chin	Tea dances
Thornton	Snarl	Red buttons	To be speedy	Out of breath	116
Seidenkrantz	Seidy	Typewriting	To get a job	Still at school	Cannon St.
Shaw	Sprague	Pest	Basketball player	Dirty knees	Cafeteria Counter
Feldman	Petulant	Late slips	Athlete	Cripple	Regisrtar
McPhail	Tiger	Romance	Lover	Jilted	Opp. lockers
Beith	Alphonse	Bass singing	Man of affairs	Bewildered	Undetermined
Smith	Allen	Selling tickets	To sell something	Undesirable	Girls' cafeteria
Osier	Jimmy	Secretary	To make reports	Unknown	East Ave.
Robertson	Abbie	French	Correct French	Illiteracy	To and fro school
Battersby	Lil	None	Mathematician	Lunacy	301-4 p.m.
Tufford	Longstream	! ? !	3½'	8'	In halls 8.55
Smith	Mouldy	Dream exit 206	Punctuality	Disappointment	Cafeteria
Findlay	Normie	Low marks	Big shot	Haze	? ?
Osier	Georgie	Muckets	Boxer	Pugilistic	With Tufford
Webb	Herbie	Dancing	A good shave	Partiality	Tech. dances
Sansome	Wimp	Druggist	Cowboy	Soda Jerker	Near "Joan"

Compliments of a Friend

SECOND FORM JOKES

Doctor (visiting Mr. Pugh in bed): "How did you get here?"
Mr. Pugh: "Flu."

Miss Wilson: "Let's measure the horse-power of a donkey."
Irene McGee: "That's an assy idea."

Mr. Pugh: "How come you wrote only 15 lines on 'Milk' while others have written pages?"
Margaret Stanhope: "I wrote on 'Condensed Milk'."

Dr. Wingfield: "What kind of a change takes place when a bomb explodes?"
Peggy Court: "A change of scenery."

Olive Jones and Mr. Foucar met in the hall the other day.
Mr. Foucar: "I just read one of your essays."
Olive: "My last one?"
Mr. Foucar: "I hope so."

Miss Dodds has invented a way of making "easy" money. She simply buys a dozen hyacinth plants and then charges one cent from everyone she catches smelling them.

Miss Smith recently turned very dramatic in our French period when she said, "Oh! for a few brains I'd give anything."
All donations will be gratefully received at Room 205.

Professor Pugh: "What is the answer?"
"Sixty grams, sir."
Professor Pugh: "Is that correct?"
"I think so, sir."
Professor Pugh: "Don't think in this class."

Follow the Leader

Teacher: "I am about to perform a very interesting chemical experiment. Should I do anything wrong, the whole class, including myself, might be blown through the roof. Kindly step nearer, so that you can follow me better."

CLASS PINS TROPHIES

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RESTAURANT

Miss Downham (reading a 2 Y literature paper, comes across a comma): "Ah! The pause that refreshes."

Miss Sheldon: "I'm getting some rare work from 2 G."

Miss Ferguson: "What do you mean, rare work?"

Miss Sheldon: "Not very well done."

Dot Anderson (an unsuccessful authoress): "After my death the world will realize what I have done."

Jean Whitfield: "Oh, Andy, don't worry; you'll be out of harm's way."

Miss Smith: "Now I want you all to remember the name, Robert Burns. If you can't remember the name think of a policeman in flames—bobby burns—see?"

Elsie Copland: "But what if it reminds me of Robert Browning?"

Lyons: (at Natural History museum): "Gee, the teacher's brought us to a dead circus."

Helen Blair: "I passed in French."
Edna Fazacherley: "Honestly?"
Helen B.: "Don't get personal."

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FAVOURITE SAYINGS

Esther Wright: "Uh! What did you say?"

Jean Whitfield: "Carry on, Watson."
Elsie Copland: "Moly Hoses."
Vilma Sempsey: "As it were."
Iva Sholer: "That's what I thought."
Ruth Latham: "How! !"

Mr. Pugh: "Supposing you saw a man fall from the top of the Pigott Building, and he landed on his head, got up and walked away, what would you say?"

No answer.

Mr. Pugh: "Supposing he did it again and again and he did it twelve times, what would you say then?"

Iris Burrell: "I should think he would be kind of sore."

Miss Smith: "The boy's eyes—ses yeux."

Elma Harrison: "Ses me."

Margaret Beechill: "Stop pushing."

Fat woman behind her: "I wasn't pushing. I was sighing."

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Doc. Wingfield: "What is steam?"
Gussie Bolus: "Water that's gone crazy with the heat."

Marion: "Where is the North Pole, Ruth?"
Ruth: "I don't know."
Marion: "What! You don't know where the North Pole is?"
Ruth: "No! If I did, them explorer fellows would be out of a job."

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IN 2 D IF:

Reta brought her books to class;
Lena ever came to school early;
Mr. Stewart ever started explaining without saying "Just a few words";
If May Meek wouldn't say doo hickey all the time;
Mr. Hudson had no Lorraine to stand and keep the corner warm;
Audrey didn't have Mr. Stewart to check her bookkeeping at every other bit;
Lena's locker didn't get stuck;
Bernice ever did salesmanship;
Miss Smith sang to Dr. Wingfield's bagpipes;
Bessie ever came to school;
Jessie didn't blush;
If Melissa didn't powder her nose between periods;
Daisy never had to be spoken to in school;
Julia ever heard her last name pronounced correctly;
Millie never talked to a certain young man before school every day;
Violet ever sneezed out loud;
Nobody ever asked Jessie for her work;
Margaret T. didn't have to play basketball when asked to stay in;
Norma didn't grunt when poked;
Bernice ever did her shorthand homework;
Freda ever quit borrowing other people's things?

Marion C.: "Bill Smith ate something that poisoned him."
Myrtle: "Croquette?"
Marion: "Not yet, but he's very ill."

Jessie Weir and Margaret Vance were travelling in an aeroplane for the first time, when Jessie exclaimed: "There's my uncle down there but he looks like an ant."

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Answers found on examination papers of 2 C:

1. Robert Louis Stevenson got married and went on his honeymoon. It was then he wrote "Travels with a Donkey."
2. Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin which he helped his father build.
3. King Henry the Eighth was the worst souvenir England ever had.
4. Robinson Carusoe was a great singer who lived on an island.
5. Queen Victoria was the only queen who sat on a thorn for 63 years.
6. What is dust? Dust is dirt with the juice squeezed out.
7. What is a ghost? A ghost is an invisible creature that can be seen only at night.
8. King John had a New Forest Maid and he ordered any one hanged who hunted the dear.

Although Hamilton's phone book is not as bulky as the edition issued in New York, the city is very well represented when it comes to names. If you have the patience to thumb the pages of the telephone directory, you will find there is a Hand, a Foot, a Head and a Boddy. There are Greens, Whites, Blacks, Grays, and Browns. There are also Youngs and Olds. There are Whiteheads, and Roughheads, Smalls and Bigs; there are even tasty names such as Nutt, Berry and an Appleyard. In the book you will find a Hill, a Mountain, a Forest, a Bush and a Highland. Quite an array, eh?

Ruth Latham to Iva Sholer: "I am really very smart. Once I put anything there (pointing to head) I never forget it."

Iva Sholer: "Well, old girl, how about that 50c I lent you?"

Ruth: "Oh, that's different. I put that in my pocket."

Lillian Anderson: "What you need is Physical Torture to reduce—you're too fat."

Freda: "I don't believe in it. I bought a dose of exerciser, put it in my room, and would you believe it, I gained six pounds in a week."

Lillian: "You didn't use it right."

Freda: "Oh, do you have to use it?"

"Dear Teacher," wrote an indignant mother, "you must not whack my Tommy. He's a delicate child and isn't used to it. At home we never hit him except in self-defence."

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TAIT'S

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FAVOURITE SAYINGS

Shirley Ross: "What do you think?"
Rose Parish: "Guess that'll hold ya."
Arlene Day: "Snazzy."
Sadie Robinson: "Come on, Gwen."
Gwen Jones: "Oh, Sadie!"
Rose Smurlick: "By Crackie!"
Velma Taylor: "What?"
Marjorie Bell: "Uh?"
Irene Hughes: "You'd be surprised."
Bert Brock: "Oh, feather!"
Kay Fox: "Scram!"
Eileen Munson: "What's it to yah."

A LIVELY ANIMAL

"I say," said Grace in Montreal for the first time, and who had been watching a revolving ventilating fan in a store, "that must be a pretty lively squirrel you have inside that cage."

Eileen: "I can't go to school to-day."
Mother: "Why?"
Eileen: "I don't feel well."
Mother: "Where don't you feel well?"
Eileen: "In school."

Miss French reminds me of a robber. She is always saying, "Hands up."

FUTURE OCCUPATIONS OF 2 E

Grace Goddard: Assisting Rubinoff, the violinist.

Shirley Ross: Helene Madison.

Rose Parish: Running a sphagetti joint.

Irene Hughes: Establishing a beauty parlour.

Rose Smurlick: In charge of a blotter factory.

Velma Taylor: In charge of an information desk.

Reta Davidson: Entertaining young men.

Arlene Day: Madame Butterfly.

Sadie Robinson: Understudying Garbo.

Eileen Munson: Owner of a day nursery.

MONEY FOR NOTHING

Daisy May, Bernice Grisch, and Kay Spence were discussing the merits of their fathers.

Daisy: "My father is a poet, he just writes a few lines and gets five pounds for them."

Bernice: "That's nothing, my father is a painter, and he gets a hundred pounds for each of his pictures."

Kay (not to be outdone): "My father is a preacher. He just says a few words, and then it takes ten men to carry the money."

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Boss (suspiciously): "Isn't it rather odd that your grandmother is being buried on the day of the big football match."

Alex Wanger: "Oh, no, sir. She wasn't going to it in any case."

Mr. Lishman: "This is the third time you have looked at Bowman's paper."

Ernest H.: "Yes, sir; he doesn't write very plainly."

Jim Simpson: "What kind of a car have you?"

Herb Wagstaffe: "Mine's a wreck."

Jim S.: "A wreck?"

Herb: "Yes. Every time I park people come up and ask me if I've reported the accident yet."

Leslie G.: "I saw a man swallow a sword once."

Dave P.: "That's nothing. I saw a man inhale a Camel."

Jim Stewart: "My father thought I was expelled last night."

Gibson: "How's that?"

Jim: "I took some books home."

Kay Williams: "Gee, your dog has big feet."

Dora Mueller: "Yes, he's going to be a police dog when he grows up."

FAMOUS SAYINGS
(With Apologies to 2 B Teachers)

Miss Smith: "Upon my soul, of all the answers, you give me a p-a-i-n."

Mr. Langford: "Now watch the board closely while I run through it."

Miss Wilson: "One thing I don't like about 2 B class is —"

Mr. Hudson: "Take detention."

Mr. Pugh: "If you won't study, you'll write."

Miss Dodds: "Now take out your scribblers and write an account of —"

Mr. Foucar: "Put No. 72 on the board. Take down these extras; put these on the board. Have you got 73? Then do 74. Take this down; rub that off; put this in your note-book, etc."

Gym Teachers: "2 B stand still and keep quiet."

Mellissa Thompson: "I would like to see something cheap in a hat."

Clerk: "Put this on and look in the mirror."

Dr. Wingfield: "This is the Seine River."

Margaret Hyde: "I should think it would be the in-Seine River after floating around Paris so long."

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FIRST FORMS ABOUT ID

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Now to mention some by name,
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These's Beesley with his tonsils gone,
And Crooks with a mouth like Joe E. Brown.
There's Reid with the looks of Lawrence Tibbet,
And Mrs. Pothier is the class' Aunt Het.
There's Low, our athlete so great,
And Doc McCreadie's fuzzy pate;
Along with these we must add,
Disher, the eccentric lad,
Whose notepaper is a special line,
The use of which Doubleday hath declined.
Also, we mention Field with care,
Sleepy Shepherd, of the auburn hair;
Lavis and Harris, our great basketeers,
Hall with his great baggy ears;
The Lisson Brothers, John and Bill,
And Kapitan of Rubinoff's skill.
Now as we close we must mention here
There are many others each one as queer.

Audrey C.: "I hear we lost the hockey game."

Jean I.: "Yes, Bill Mowat stopped to comb his hair while the other side made a goal."

Isabelle J.: "I hear your father is dead."

Velma T.: "Yes, he died of tobacco."

Isabelle: "Died of tobacco?"

Velma: "Yes, he threw his cigar out of the window and forgot to leave go of it."

Bill Randall: "Did you notice the funny look she gave me when I asked her to go out?"

Grayson Laidlaw (solemnly): "She didn't give it to you; you've always had it."

Jean H.: "A little bird told me I was going to pass in French."

Miss Gibson: "It must have been a little cuckoo."

Fair Driver: "One dollar and fifty cents, please."

Dalton Hay: "Back up to the fifty cent mark; that's all I've got."

Mrs. Pothier: "Compare the adjective ill."

Bill L.: "Ill, sicker, dead."

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Ethel Toth and Daphne Tilbury sat in church in front of Ethel's mother. When the collection plate came around Ethel put in a nickel, and as the plate came to Mrs. Toth, Ethel turned around and said to her mother, "Mother, don't put anything in; I paid for you."

Hazel D. (in drug store): "This vanishing cream is a fake."

Clerk: "But, Miss ——"

Hazel: "Don't 'but' me. I have rubbed it on my feet every night and they're just as big as ever."

Mary, Mary, quite the contrary,
How long your curls do grow!
If I had some just like yours
I surely could have a nice beau.

Tramp: "Could you give me a bite, mum?"

Isabelle's mother: "What do you think I am, a dog?"

Miss Lorraway: "If earth is made of land and water, what does land and water make?"

Mary S.: "Mud."

Helen T.: "What do we have now that we didn't have a hundred years ago?"

Marion F.: "Me."

One afternoon, early in summer, two men were walking down the street together. One, an extra fat Irishman, the other, a very thin Scotchman.

Said the Irishman to the Scotchman, "Begorra, man, to look at you one would think there was a famine in the land."

The Scotchman replied, "Humph; to look at you, one would think you caused it."

Audrey G.: "What is the difference between an aeroplane and a tree?"

Freda C.: "The aeroplane leaves its shed, and the tree sheds its leaves."

Ina B. (on train): "Mother, what was the name of the station we just passed by?"

Mother: "Keep quiet, I want to read."

Ina: "Well, Jimmy got off there."

Teacher: "Now, Betty, if I stopped some boys throwing stones at a donkey, what would I be showing?"

Betty McI. (promptly): "Brotherly love."

Helen G.: "I fear my beauty has faded!"

Hilda V.: "Do you want my make-up case?"

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Muriel Heap: "Yes, dear, three men in the car rose to-day and offered me their seats."

Martha Lambourne: "And did you take them?"

The minister was giving a sermon on helping—

"When my wife washes the dishes, I wash them too; when my wife mops the floor, I mop the floor with her."

He wondered why the audience laughed.

A Scotchman went into a tailor's store.

Sandy: "How much to press a pair of trousers?"

Tailor: "Two shillings."

Sandy: "Well press one leg for one shilling; I'm getting a side view of myself taken."

Miss Dodds: "What does symmetry means?"

Irene Buckley (innocently): "A graveyard."

Miss Downham: "Give me a sentence using politics."

Joyce Clarey: "My parrot swallowed a watch, and now polly-ticks."

"Can anyone in the class give me a more elegant rendering of the sentence, 'the sap rises'?" asked Miss Fitzsimmons.

"The boob gets out of bed," quoth Lillian Digney.

Bette S.: "Do you know that we have pumpkins in our town that when you cut the top off they can be used for a bath tub?"

Jerry E.: "Oh, that's nothing; we have as many as three cops sleep on one beat."

Jean: "What plant is like a man?"

Beatrice: "I give up."

Jean: "A bean plant."

Beatrice: "I don't see that."

Jean: "Didn't you ever hear of a human bean?"

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

We were assured by many of our merchants that they were in sympathy with our work in soliciting advertisements but, due to the times, they were not able to advertise in our magazine. We appreciate their good wishes.

We thank the firms who have taken space in our magazine and hope that the students will, in turn, show their appreciation by patronizing these merchants.

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